

The Elks

and the



APRIL, 1937

EASTERN EDITION

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An Open Letter to Every Elk from the Grand Exalted Ruler



**GRAND LODGE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS**
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DAVID SHOLTZ
GRAND EXALTED RULER

1003-1006 Graham Building
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

My Brothers:

To you, each and every one, my sincere and grateful appreciation for what you have done, for what you are doing and for what I know you will continue to do for the good of the Order!

Reports received from District Deputies and subordinate Lodges indicate that we are definitely surging forward and upward in strength, in numbers, in quality of membership and in renewed activity. You have done nobly and well in the two great classes for the year, as well as in the many other classes initiated during its course. The reinstatement and lapsation program indicates a crowning success for your efforts. Let us not stop but continue forward with even greater courage, strength and vision. Elksdom has a definite place in the scheme of things and to you, each and every one, my grateful appreciation!

To each and every one of the newly elected officers my hearty congratulations and best wishes! I bespeak on the part of the members of our fraternity the same cooperation and support for them that they have given to their retiring officers. Give them your aggressive help.

To the Exalted Rulers particularly, let me say that I am looking forward to seeing all of you at the National Convention in Denver next July. The Grand Lodge statutes require that each and every Lodge be represented at the Grand Lodge session and I am anticipating the pleasure of meeting with you and working with you there in a most cooperative spirit. I am hoping to meet many of you personally in the meantime, and, of course, am depending upon all of you for your wholehearted cooperation for the benefit and advancement of Elksdom from the very moment of your installation as Exalted Ruler.

Having linked the destiny of our Order with the destiny of our country, we must march ever forward.

With every good wish,

Cordially and fraternally yours,

David Sholtz,
Grand Exalted Ruler.



The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice,
Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare
and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken

the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate
good fellowship. . . .”—From Preamble to the Con-
stitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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APRIL 1937

CONTENTS

Cover Design by John J. Floherty, Jr.		We Have to Be Polite—John Paine...	20
Grand Exalted Ruler's Message.....	1	What America Is Reading.....	22
Elks 73rd Convention Bulletin No. 3	3	Harry Hansen	
The West Wind—M. O'Moran.....	4	Broadcast.....	23
Flames in the City—Maurice E. Fox...	8	Show Business.....	24
The Great Eye Am.....	12	Editorials.....	26
James McConnaughey		Under the Antlers.....	28
On the Trail—Fairfax Downey.....	16	Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler...	32

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The Elks 73rd Convention Bulletin

No. 3

No state in the Union has such a diversity of magnificent scenic attractions in such close proximity to metropolitan areas as Colorado. Within a half hour's ride from the central business district of Denver is the municipal park system containing 44 mountain parks embracing 10,240 acres. This wonderland is located in the eastern front of the Rocky Mountains and is traversed by wide, paved highways making motoring a pleasure and safety assured. The most recently acquired and one of the most priceless possessions of the Denver Mountain Parks area is the "Park of the Red Rocks." Here you will see cathedrals, ships, castles and grotesque animals hewn by the deft hand of Nature from the red sandstone.

A natural amphitheatre in this recreational spot is now being developed for open-air opera and other musical events, the sandstone formation acting as a natural sounding board. In fact, the opera star, Mary Garden, sang in this stadium and declared it to be without equal from an acoustical standpoint.

Only two hours' distance from downtown Denver are Estes Park and Rocky Mountain National Park, easily reached by fast, comfortable and safe auto stages of the Rocky Mountain Transportation Company. Coupons covering comprehensive trips through these great scenic areas can be included in roundtrip tickets at the time of purchase. Ask your railroad agent for full information.

Rocky Mountain National Park includes within its boundaries 405 square miles, or 258,411 acres, of the Front Range of the Rockies in north central Colorado, about 50 miles in a straight line northwest of Denver. Its eastern gateway is the beautiful valley village of Estes Park, from which easy and comfortable access is had up to the noblest heights and into the most picturesque recesses of the mountains.

For many years the Front Range of the Rockies has been the mecca of the mountain lovers of this country.

It is splendidly representative. In nobility, in calm dignity, in the sheer glory of stalwart beauty, there is no mountain group to excel the company of snow-capped veterans of all the ages which stands at everlasting parade behind its grim, helmeted captain, Longs Peak, 14,255 feet.

As a fitting finale to the great Convention next July the Executive Committee has contracted for the presentation of the finest rodeo ever staged in the West. This unique and spectacular entertainment feature is to be presented in the stadium of the Denver University with comfortable seating for 30,000 persons. The greatest aggregation of daredevil cowboy and trick riders, the wildest horses and the most vicious Brahma steers ever gathered for one roundup have been signed for this event. As a climax to this stupendous show a mighty chorus headed by one of moviedom's greatest singing stars will feature songs of the range terminating with a beautiful rendition of the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

You'll want to come to Denver.

Faternally,

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ELKS
73rd NATIONAL REUNION, INC.



A view in Rocky Mountain National Park



Out West Photo Service

Above: Chiefs Red Tail and Young Sitting Bull, who will accompany Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge to Denver. Left: "Going Up." A real bucking horse



Creation Rock in Red Rocks Park, one of Denver's system of mountain parks

The West

by M. O. Moran



"THAT one with the white crow's nest is Lafe Rodgers's boat—the 'West Wind'."

The speaker turned away and strolled down the wharf, but Alan stood looking at the boat. He knew little of boats, and had never seen a purse seiner before, but the fact that this boat belonged to Lafe Rodgers was of deep concern to him. For whatever Lafe Rodgers had Alan was here to take it away from him. A blond, mild-looking boy just out of college he had been taking honors in mathematics, but taking boats was something else again, and no one knew that better than Alan. It was a gray, fog-shrouded day, and as he stood forlornly on the Monterey wharf he contemplated with hopeful eyes the sturdy fishing craft riding out the swell beyond the breakwater. The 'West Wind'! A kindly, pleasant wind, thought Alan. What a haven for a jobless, penniless college graduate. He would turn seaman for the time being, and fish for sardines. And Lafe Rodgers—the 'West Wind' was a smaller boat than he had expected to see. He wondered what Lafe Rodgers looked like.

It was late afternoon and the activities on the City wharf were at their lowest ebb. Dark and heavier banks of fog swept over the Gabilan mountains until they seemed a continuation of the bay. Alan looked around. The man who had pointed out the boat to him was gone. A group of Sicilian fishermen leaning against some oil barrels were shouting in heated argument over the merits of a new kind of webbing; a Japanese was painting a small skiff with orange paint; a flock of seagulls swooped and wheeled alternately over bits of dead fish floating around the wharf. Alan shivered. He turned up the collar of his coat and thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked over to the fishermen.

"Where will I find Lafe Rodgers?" he asked.

Although he was sure they had all been talking English a moment before, they now dropped into Italian. Unable to understand them he repeated his question, but they shook their heads and continued to address him in their own tongue with a strong savor of raw garlic. He turned away, and tried the Japanese. The Oriental smiled, said pleasantly, "Oh yes," and continued slapping orange paint on the skiff.

"Do you know Lafe Rodgers?" persisted Alan.

"Oh yes," replied the Japanese with the same bright smile.

"Do you know where I will find him?"

"Oh yes."

"Where?"

"Oh yes."

"Oh damn," said Alan. He walked down the length of the wharf, past the cold, empty looking fish shops, past the small restaurants with their allure of fish foods. The aroma of hot coffee and abalone fried in butter filled him with hunger. He had spent the little money he had had in getting to Monterey. Whatever he needed now he must get from Lafe Rodgers.

He left the wharf and crossed Alvarado street. The old Custom House drooped back from the railroad track, and an art store, relic of an earlier epoch in Monterey, held its head valiantly against the tide of canneries. A fisherman's supply shop caught his attention, and he went into it. It was dim and dusty, and contained a wide assortment of fishing and boat gear even to second

Wind

"Throw him out." The man pointed his thumb down at the truck driver

hand clothing. A very old, very withered Spaniard came forward.

"Do you know the town here?" asked Alan.

"I was born here," said the old man. "I have been here so many years I know everything. I am Pablo Serranto."

"Do you know Lafe Rodgers?"

"Yes."

"Where can I find him?"

"Ah," said the old man. He fumbled in his pocket for a tobacco pouch and a packet of papers, and then in the Spanish way rolled himself a cigarette with one hand. Alan waited. "So you want to find Lafe?" he said at last.

"Yes," replied Alan.

"Are you a friend of his?"

"What does that matter?"

"Lafe is a quick man. If he wants to see you that is all right. But if he don't want to see you you better go away now."

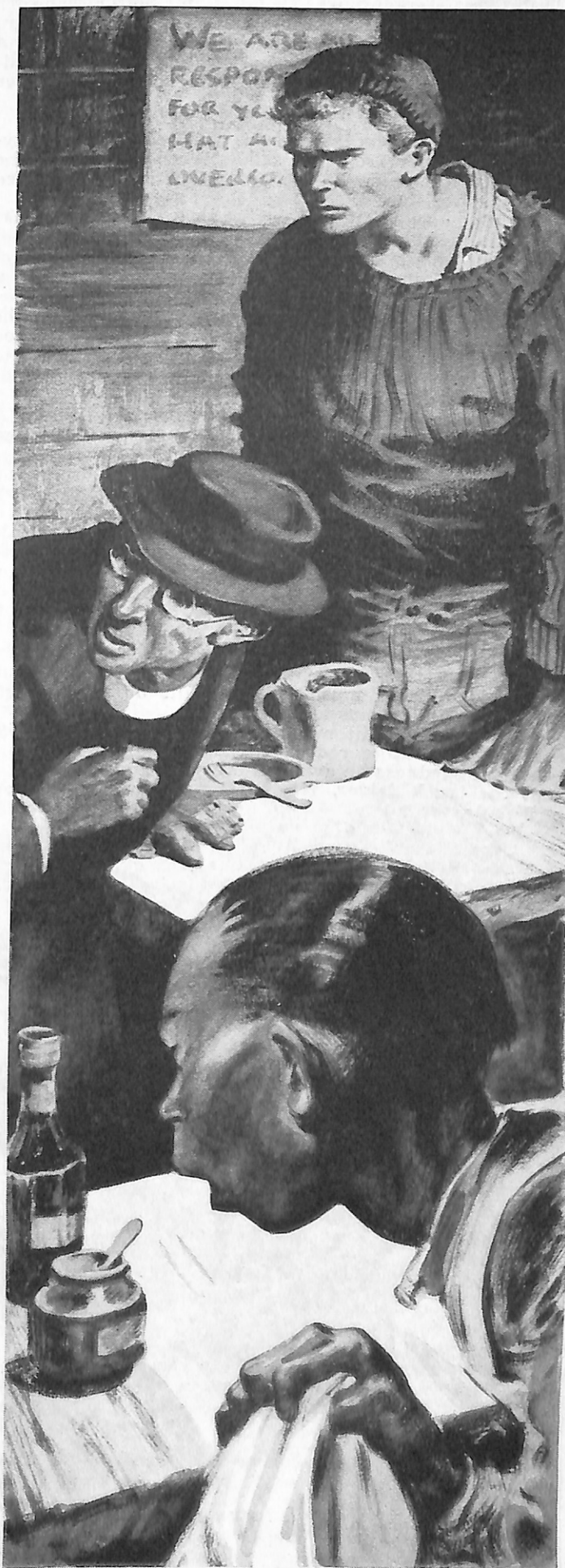
"No," said Alan. "I came to Monterey to see Lafe Rodgers, and I'm not going away."

The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders. "He come in from the Oregon fishing only this morning. You should find him on Cannery Row." He mentioned the names of three places where Lafe might be found—Wong's Quick Lunch, The Knotty Palm, or the Constellation. Then, on learning that Alan had no money and furthermore that he was going to remain in Monterey, he suggested that he trade his good blue suit in for some second hand dungarees and a sweater. "And I could throw a couple of dollars in," said the old man generously. The two dollars decided the deal. Alan was hungry.

Alan's white face contrasted strangely to the outfit that Pablo rigged him out in from boots to beret. The clothes smelt of the fish vats in the fertilizer plant, but Pablo insisted that that was a good smell and very Montereyan. "Now Lafe won't think you no stranger. You go get you a dinner and then find Lafe. But get the dinner first."

Alan pulled the beret low on his forehead, and giving attention to Pablo's directions left the shop. The fog was lowering and a cold wind pushed against his chest as he turned up Cannery Row to find Wong's Quick Lunch. It was a long narrow street that cut through the fish sheds. Tall smoke stacks stretched cold and black to the drifts of fog passing over them. The canning season was not yet open. He could hear the lap of the murky water below the sheds, and the scream of the seagulls waiting for the fishing boats to come in. Through the clammy damp of the twilight a few lights streamed out from the low buildings crowded among the canneries. For ever since the days of the driftwood shanties at China Point the Chinese have clung to Cannery Row where they still figure largely in the export of squid to the Orient, and in the eating and gambling house business.

Wong's Quick Lunch, a small room full of greasy vapors, was starkly illuminated from a center light above the oil-cloth covered tables. The stools at the counter were all empty, but the half dozen tables held a few diners. Alan scanned them eagerly. Could any of these men be Lafe Rodgers? Two negroes were chuckling over a comic strip spread out on their table. A man



built like a stevedore was cleaning up a bowl of chowder with considerable noise, and the remaining man, thin, spectacled and clad in a black suit, was unmistakably a clergyman. Alan decided none of these was Lafe Rodgers. As he hesitated on the threshold the minister beckoned to him.

"Sit here, my boy," he said.

Alan took the indicated seat, and ordered a twenty-five cent dinner from the sallow faced Chinaman who wiped off the table before him. The minister leaned over and whispered,

"Did you see her?"

"Who?" asked Alan, twisting his head around.

"Never mind," cried the minister. "If you have not seen her, so much the better." But now Alan had seen her—a spongy blonde washing dishes at the sink behind the counter. The three Chinamen dished up the food and tossed the soiled dishes to her as unconcerned as if she were just another piece of mechanism, and their singsong syllables were addressed to one another and not to her.

"A woman of pleasure," explained the minister. "A white woman among Chinamen. You are in a wicked place, my boy. My cloth is a protection to me, but I know what is going on. I will stay with you while you eat your dinner, and then see you safely out."

"But why are you here?" asked Alan curiously.

"For my next sermon. We are making a crusade against the existing conditions. That is, as far as we can. There is another place—the Constellation—you may have heard of it. But even I cannot go in there. It is too rank. You know it, perhaps?"

"No, I am a stranger," said Alan.

"Well," sighed the minister, "someone else will know it. Possibly that truck driver there. He is a truck driver, I think. I must approach him on the subject. But wait—here comes another."

A powerfully built man in the rough clothes of the fishing men swaggered into the restaurant. In his square ruggedness he dwarfed everyone in the room except the truck driver. His beret was pushed back on

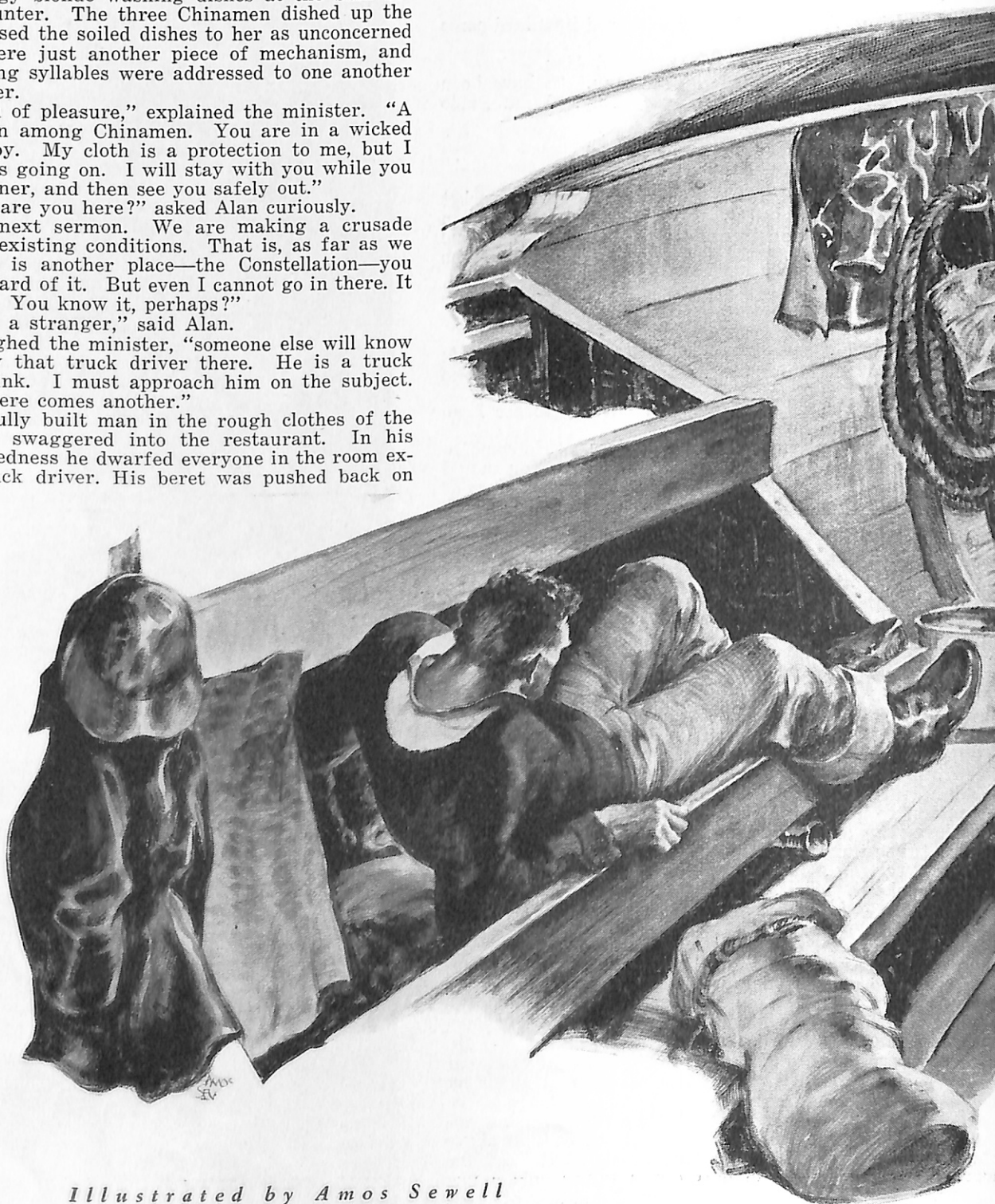
his straight black hair, and his face, lined and tanned by wind and weather, was lighted by two deep gray eyes like lanterns swept with spray.

"Smells like skunks in here," he announced to the three Chinamen who had all managed to get behind the counter during his entrance.

"No skunkee," protested Wong, the owner, shrinking back against the stove as he spoke. "You smellee abalone."

"I smell skunk," insisted the stranger. "And what's more I see skunk, too. I don't eat nor drink here till I clean this place up."

"No cleanee up," begged the Chinaman. "You go 'way



Illustrated by Amos Sewell

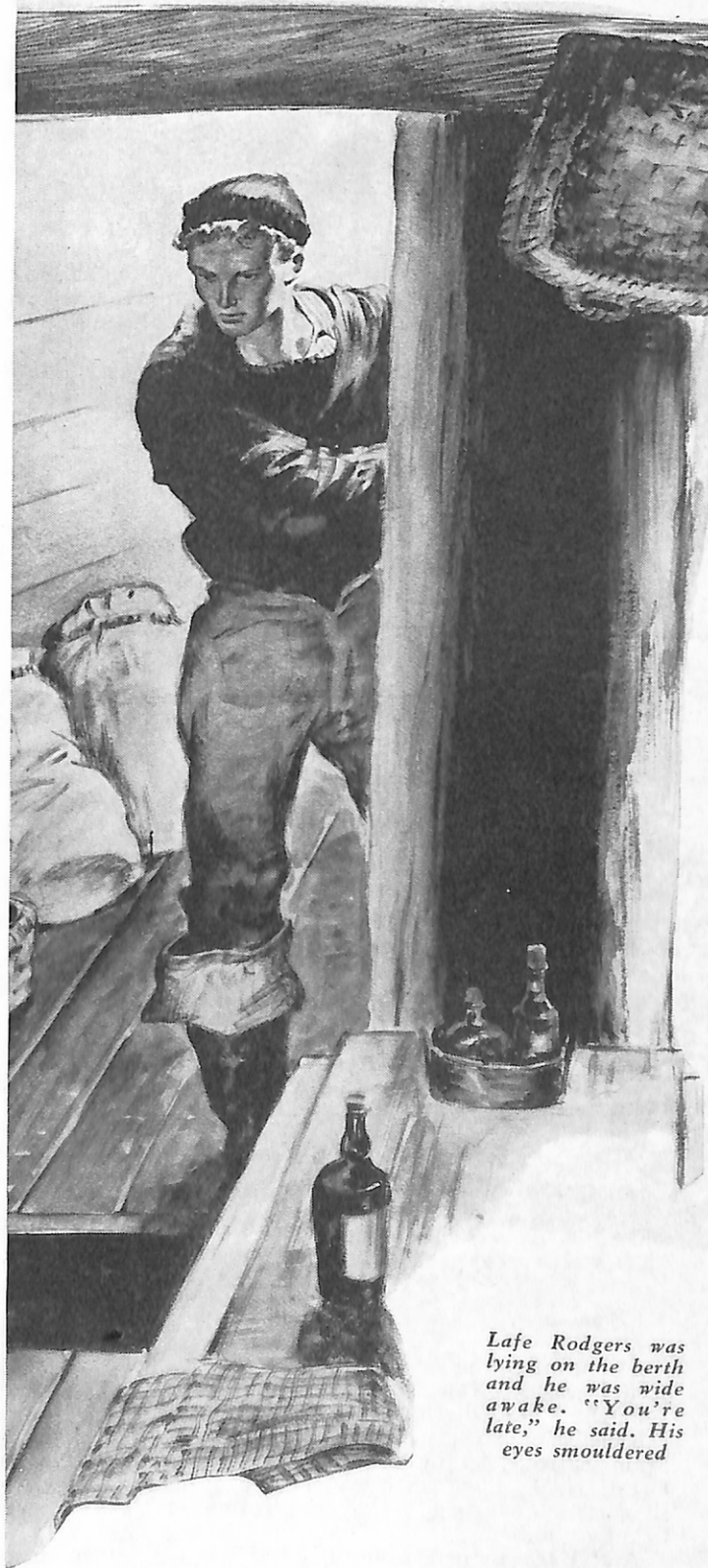
now. Place plenty cleanee. You go 'way please."

The truck driver had raised his head and was listening to this conversation. He now laid down his spoon, and began to remove his coat.

"Whaddye mean by skunks?" he growled.

"You know what I mean all right, and you know who I mean, too. Do you want to make a run for the door, or do you want me to kick you out?"

"Yah," howled the truck driver. "Try it." He rose to his feet, kicking his chair behind him, and curved for an attack. The seaman took a running jump at him. They both crashed down on the overturned chair which splintered under their weight, and as they rolled over



Lafe Rodgers was lying on the berth and he was wide awake. "You're late," he said. His eyes smouldered

the table tilted back and an avalanche of dishes increased the confusion. The minister crouched against the wall pulling Alan with him, and holding on to his arm with a hard, pinching grasp. The two negroes retreated to the open door, leaving only their heads inside, and Wong and his helpers huddled close together behind the counter.

Alan's interest in the fight was tinged with disgust for it was waged according to no rules, and a blow below the belt was more sought than not. The truck driver used his feet and teeth as effectively as his fists, but the seaman smashed straight from the shoulder. So far as Alan could gather from the occasional imprecations choked out of the principals the quarrel was something of long standing. But it was not of long duration. They had scarce fought the length of the room once when the truck driver's head was wrenched back and he fell heavily to the floor, the seaman with him. He made a move to recover himself, but the man kneeling on top of him seized his right arm, and with a sickening crack snapped it across his knee.

"Something-to-remember-me-by," he gasped, straightening up. But the truck driver did not hear him. He had fainted. The victor rose to his feet. He wiped the sweat from his face back into his disheveled black hair, and looked around for his cap. The girl pointed it out to him with a vapid smile. The negroes had disappeared. The minister sat down at his table again, but Alan remained standing.

"Throw him out." The man pointed his thumb down at the truck driver, who had opened his eyes, and was blinking in bewilderment. Two of the Chinese stepped out from behind the counter, and took the truck driver by the shoulders and feet. They carried him with a slight swinging motion to the open door where they pitched him out into the street. The minister's face whitened, and Alan felt cold with hatred at the brutality of the whole episode. His half finished dinner had coated over with grease, and a cockroach was crawling toward the biscuit he had been eating. He turned away feeling for the money that Pablo had given him. Although he could not finish the dinner it must be paid for.

"Wait," said the gray-eyed man to Alan. "You got to celebrate with me. Wait here a minute, you and him—a preacher, I take it. I'm setting up the drinks. I have much to celebrate tonight, and I can't start too soon. Three whiskies, Wong. And quick. I'm burning up."

"No whiskey for me," said the minister. His cough was a mild apology.

"Okay. What'll it be?"

"Water. And I have a glassful here."

The man gaped at him for a moment. "Why, so you have," he exclaimed. "That is water, ain't it? Sure it ain't gin?"

The minister smiled weakly and shook his head, and the stranger stepped closer to the table. "Yes, so it is. It's water. Here, let me jazz it up for you." He picked up the cockroach from the biscuit plate, and dropped it into the glass of water. "Now drink," he ordered. "Drink that, and drink it damn quick."

The minister shrank down as if expecting a blow, and his shaking hand reached out for the glass with the struggling cockroach in it. But before he could lift it Alan's arm shot out and sent the glass crashing to the floor.

"You can't do that, you big bully," he shouted. "You can't do that to a white man."

"I can't—WHAT?" The big man gaped at Alan in astonishment, and then broke into a loud guffaw. "Why you little devil you," he chuckled. "You smell like the fish vats, but you look like you come out of a hospital. You trying to suicide yourself?"

Alan looked at him steadily. "You can break me over your knee, too, if you want to," he said. "You're big enough, and you're mean enough. But you can't make him drink that cockroach."

"What's he to you—your brother, your daddy, your uncle?"

"He's nothing to me," said Alan.

"Then what matter if (Continued on page 36)

Flames in the City



International News Photos, Inc.

By Maurice E. Fox

ONE morning lately, I was awakened with a feeling of deep dread. It was five o'clock, and dark, and it was some seconds before I could gather my faculties concerning what had startled me out of sleep so unpleasantly. In those few seconds, the sound of a multi-motored aircraft struck my ears—and I knew the Germans were about to bombard the city—that I must get my family into safety, before death-dealing projectiles fell on London!

Then, with the full return of consciousness, I realized I was in New York City, in 1936, in peace-time; that the sound disturbing me was merely the noise of the peaceful Airship "Hindenburg" on her regular trip from Europe, going towards her terminus at Lakehurst, N. J., filled with cheerful passengers, traveling in comfort overhead; that the sound meant no harm to me or mine.

And I lay in bed, and reflected what a queer thing

is the human memory; for this reminder of the war years in London had reacted upon me—had frightened me, in fact—in a way that the actual air-raids had not been able to do. It was evident the emotions aroused nearly two decades or more ago had lain dormant in the sub-conscious portion of the brain, until the familiarly characteristic explosions of the dirigible's engines had revived them with horrid vividness. Is there, then, such a thing as being afraid without *knowing* you are? If that be so, I must have experienced keen apprehension unconsciously under those London air-raids; and it occurred to me to recall those experiences and tell how they felt.

IT was a fine sunny morning in London as the city workers came in from the suburbs by trains, tubes, and omnibuses for their day's work. In our own office, we had just got settled for the tasks before us when word came over the telephone from some unknown source to tell us to be prepared for a raid by German airplanes presently, for the first time in the war.

Then everybody congregated, became excited—thrilled, in fact—at this break in the commonplace routine of the day.

"What will they do?" asked a girl. "Drop bombs on us?"

"They won't have that luck," answered a man, confidently. "Our planes will meet them before they can get this far!"

Then the bookkeeper, who was a man of precision, spoke up,

"There are probably only one or two machines, anyway. But if they do get through, they'll probably drop some incendiary bombs, and we'll see flames in this city."

In none of us, I think, did this coming raid produce actual fear. The city looked so *solid*,

the buildings so imposing. It seemed impossible that a comparatively tiny machine could bring any sort of destruction to it. And so we all went up on the flat roof of the building to get the best view of the spectacle. That is the way we thought of it, something new—interesting.

Soon the Germans hove into view—high up, a splendid sight. We had not seen formation flying before this, and here was an astonishing demonstration, more than twenty machines, in careful lines, like a huge V, like a flock of wild geese. Majestically, they flew over the city, wheeled about slowly, and disappeared from sight. Just a few explosions, sounding weak from where we stood, marked their passage; and we took these to be the sound of anti-aircraft guns. We did not know there were no guns mounted to repel aerial attack at that time. And probably the Germans were themselves surprised at the ease with which they could invade the enormous city. Had they been on a pleasure visit, they could not have been received more inoffensively! But the detonations we heard were the sound of bombs dropping on a distant part of the city.

Certainly, not everyone took the raid as jauntily as our office force. My wife, for instance, told me what happened to her. Walking along Oxford Street, near the Marble Arch, on a shopping expedition, she was stopped by a small newsboy.

"Look, lady," he said, pointing upward. "Them's Germans!" he added, cheerfully. She gave one hasty look, and then ran at speed to the underground station at Marble Arch, fortunately near; and she disappeared into the earth, so that—in the words of the poet—"The subsequent proceedings interested her no more". She did not come up until they had been gone more than an hour.

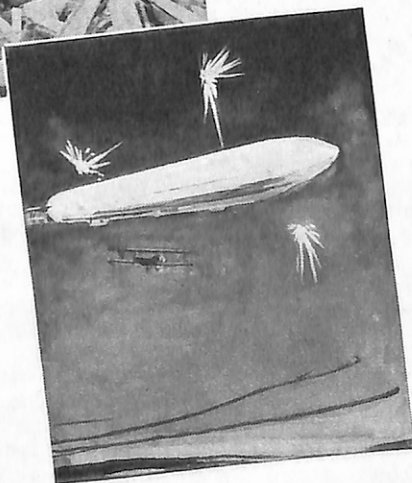
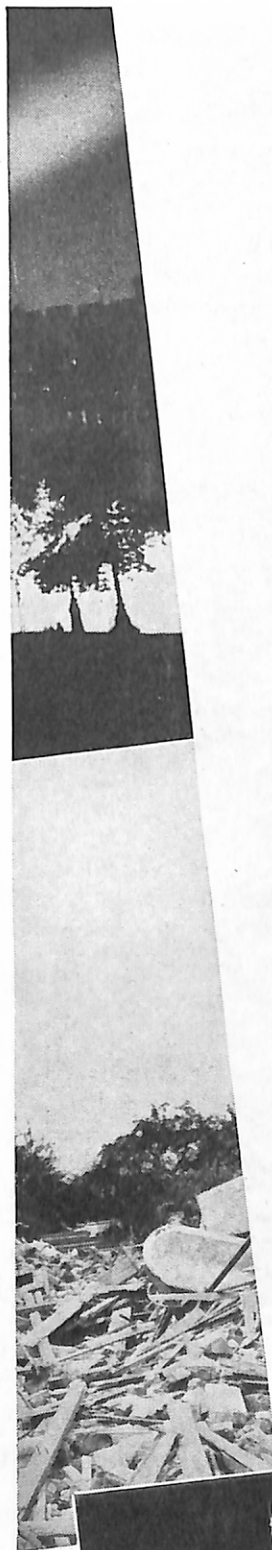
In the afternoon, various rumors reached us by word of mouth that both explosive and incendiary bombs had been dropped that morning, and that the damage had been considerable. But it was impossible to ascertain anything definite, the newspapers stating laconically that a German squadron had flown over the city. They were not giving details to the enemy! It was only years later that we knew certainly the extent of that morning's destructive work.

But if the object of the raid was to strike terror to the population, it failed signally. The results of a contested football match produced more excitement. It was a warning, though, that London was now at the war front. No longer, for the first time in history, could the civilian, many miles behind the battle lines, feel he was in security. If fathers and sons had gone away to fight for their country, those exempted—the munition-workers, the old, the young, the women, the children—all would henceforth have to bear some part of the danger of warfare and feel the hand of the enemy upon them. England was no longer an island, protected from invasion by the largest fleet in the world. It connoted a change in the meaning of the word "non-combatant"—all over the earth!

Actually, from the declaration of war, the authorities had counted on the possibility of air-raids, and precautions had been taken to darken all towns at night. It so happened that I had been absent from England since war was declared, and when I returned there in October, 1914, before the raid just described, it was a very different London from the one I had left a few months previously. The first thing that struck me, with a depressing effect, was the enforced darkness of the streets at night.

All the street lamps were painted a deep blue, the lights in the street cars and omnibuses were dimmed and similarly colored, while shop windows were kept from showing any light that might shine on the pavement or be thrown upward. Dark shades were on all windows of private houses, and they had to be kept down at night, cutting off all illumination. Thus, one had the aspect of a city of shadows, a place from which all gaiety had vanished. We were, in fact, back to the conditions of Elizabethan days, before street lighting existed.

In deep contrast to the shrouded streets was the



On the opposite page are several striking photographs taken in London during the air raids. At top, the city's search for aerial invaders, a nightly scene on the Thames. Center, women ambulance drivers running to their posts during a raid, and below, scenes of terrible destruction after a raid.

lighting of some of the large parks. Hyde Park had a double row of lamp standards running right across it, which were kept brilliantly lighted at night. The idea, of course, was to simulate a highway at that point, so that bombs might be attracted to that spot, and fall harmlessly on the grass. The scheme had its merits, but it is doubtful if it deceived the raiders.

Thousands of citizens had been drafted into a special constabulary to patrol the streets at night and see that no infraction of the strict lighting rules occurred. So well was this done that we once inadvertently switched on a light in our bathroom, forgetting to draw down the blinds first. Within two minutes, there was a ring at the door, with a zealous special constable asking us if we were trying to help the enemy? He evidently suspected we were spies!

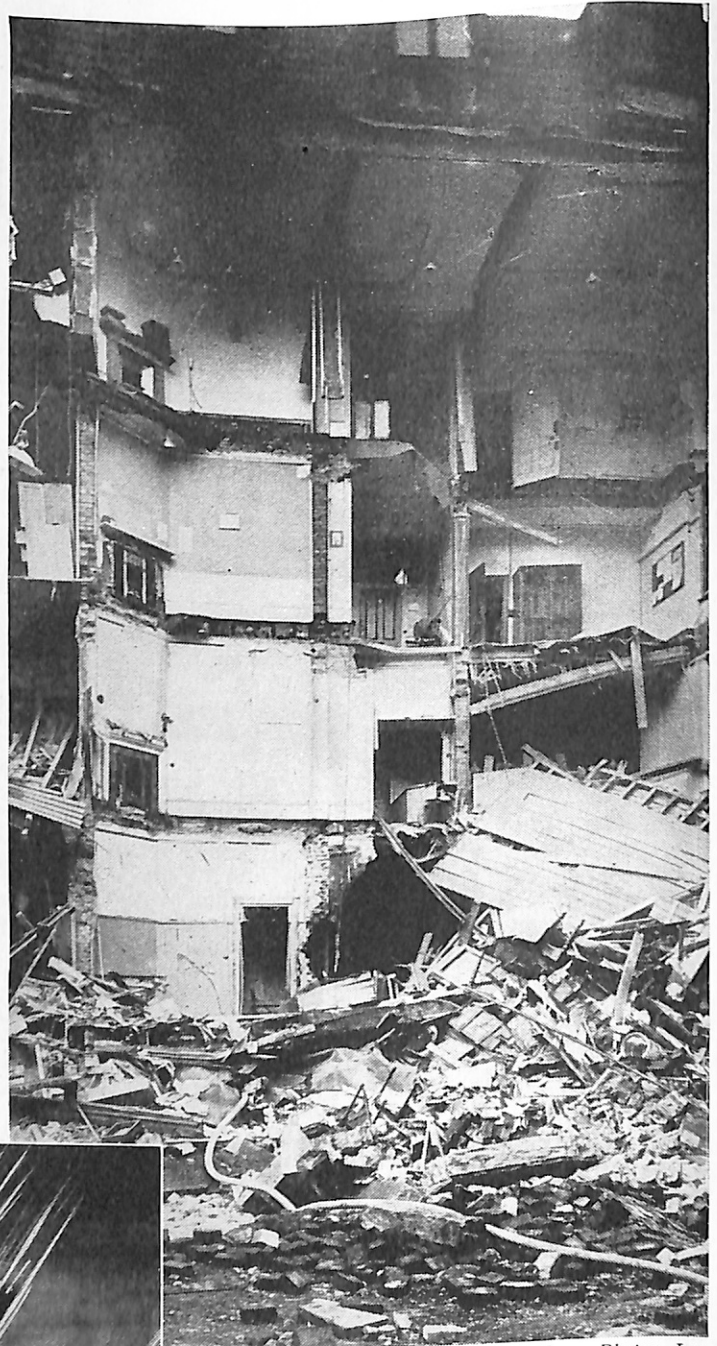
The first Zeppelin raid was a comparatively mild affair. The airship appeared in broad daylight over the East Coast of England and cruised casually inland. It appeared over the Rolls Royce works, at Derby, where war work was going on; and spectators naturally thought this factory the objective and expected it to be bombed. No bombs were dropped, no hostile action manifested. But when the ship appeared over the small town of Melbourne nearby, a warlike action *did* occur—but not on the part of the Zeppelin. A patriotic saloonkeeper, seeing it approaching, ran into the house, and seizing his shot gun, emptied both barrels at the invader. At this deed of wanton animosity, the on-lookers were horrified, for they imagined it would result in a deluge of bombs from overhead, wiping out the inhabitants. But not so! The sportsmanlike publican was either unseen or scorned, and the dirigible calmly disappeared from view.

Shortly after this, Zeppelin raids began to be made in earnest. Dark nights, when the moon was invisible, were their favorites. To those nervously inclined, the waning of the moon now became a period of dreaded anticipation.

From their bases in captured Belgium, the airships would be launched, and, being observed perhaps by British spies living right near the German hangars, or by the fleet units operating in the channel, their ascent and general direction of flight would be immediately signalled to England. Maroons—a sort of giant fire cracker—would then be exploded as a warning in the English towns likely to have the visit; and, let me tell you, the sound of

In a factory there was an air raid practice every day. Here are some of the girls and the foreman down in the basement which the employees have strengthened with bags of sand.

Keystone View Co.



International News Photos, Inc.

Above, the corpse of an apartment house, showing graphically the effects of Zeppelin bombing.

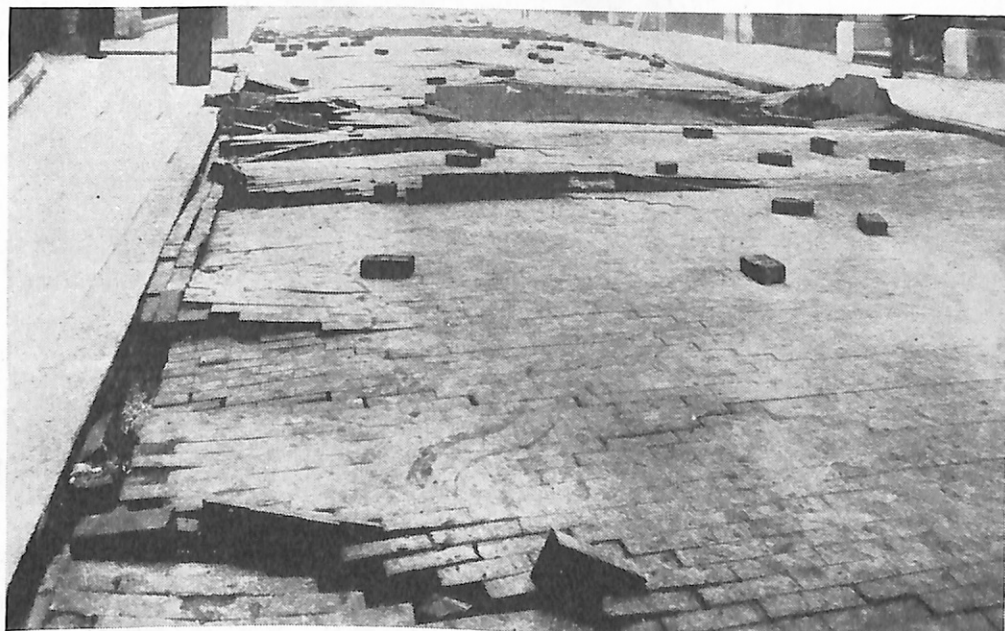
those maroons was not in any way comforting to the population! Visions of homes razed, of fire, of annihilation would come to mind; for few of us have the desire to die.

The Zeppelins travelled quickly; and soon, if it were the object of the attack, London would hear them overhead, a curious droning sound, rising and falling in a regular beat, and caused by the several engines with which each ship was equipped. It seemed to fill the air—that sound—not to come from one direction; the diapason of those machines of destruction, nosing their way high over the house-tops, with no other desire than to vomit several tons of dynamite on people sleeping below, and then return without being caught. At the



Above, a street in New Cross where much damage was done and many lives lost in a bad raid.

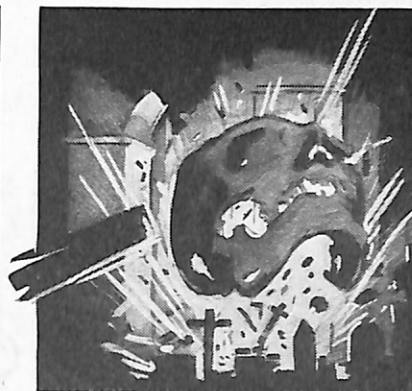
Below, the effect of Zeppelin bombing on the wooden block pavings of London's business streets.



International News Photos, Inc.

height they were forced to fly, in black night, with the towns below purposely darkened, it was obviously absurd for the Germans to pretend, as they did, that they were bombing only "points of strategic importance," for it was quite impossible to take any sort of aim, or locate any particular building. They were fortunate if they knew they were over a town at all and not wasting bombs on open country.

Now, however, they were not allowed to do damage unmolested. The city had been furnished with a large number of anti-aircraft guns, while intercepting planes would fly around to locate and engage them, a job of some difficulty in the inky darkness. Hundreds of searchlights would play across the skies, trying to get the dirigibles in their rays and keep them there until either the airplanes or the guns could converge on those moving targets. The sound of the shooting was terrific; and between the reports one could hear in the streets and on the roof-tops the clatter of falling pieces of shrapnel from the defense guns—for what goes up must come down. The noise of the bombardment and the probing beams of those hundreds of searchlights,



the occasional ringing of a passing fire-engine, made a scene that was unforgettable—yet superb, in its way. It was like a Fourth of July celebration on a giant scale.

It was one such night as this that I actually saw a Zeppelin brought down. At the time, I had a house in Ealing, a suburb in the western part of London. At the maroon's usual warning, I went up to the attic, where the windows commanded a good view in several directions, to see what was visible. Searchlights were darting about and the blasting of the guns was enormous, they seemed to be firing from all around. It seemed impossible that some of those shots should not find the target—until one remembered that vast expense overhead, both in extent and depth, in which the enemy was sailing.

All at once, in the south, I saw a shape depicted in the sky, as one after the other of the searchlights settled upon it, a silver, cigar-like contour. They had located the Zeppelin! Inexorably, the converging beams held it in view, like a butterfly on the ends of several pins. Slowly, the faint silver shape got brighter, then incandescent. It was burning. It had been set afire by the defenders!

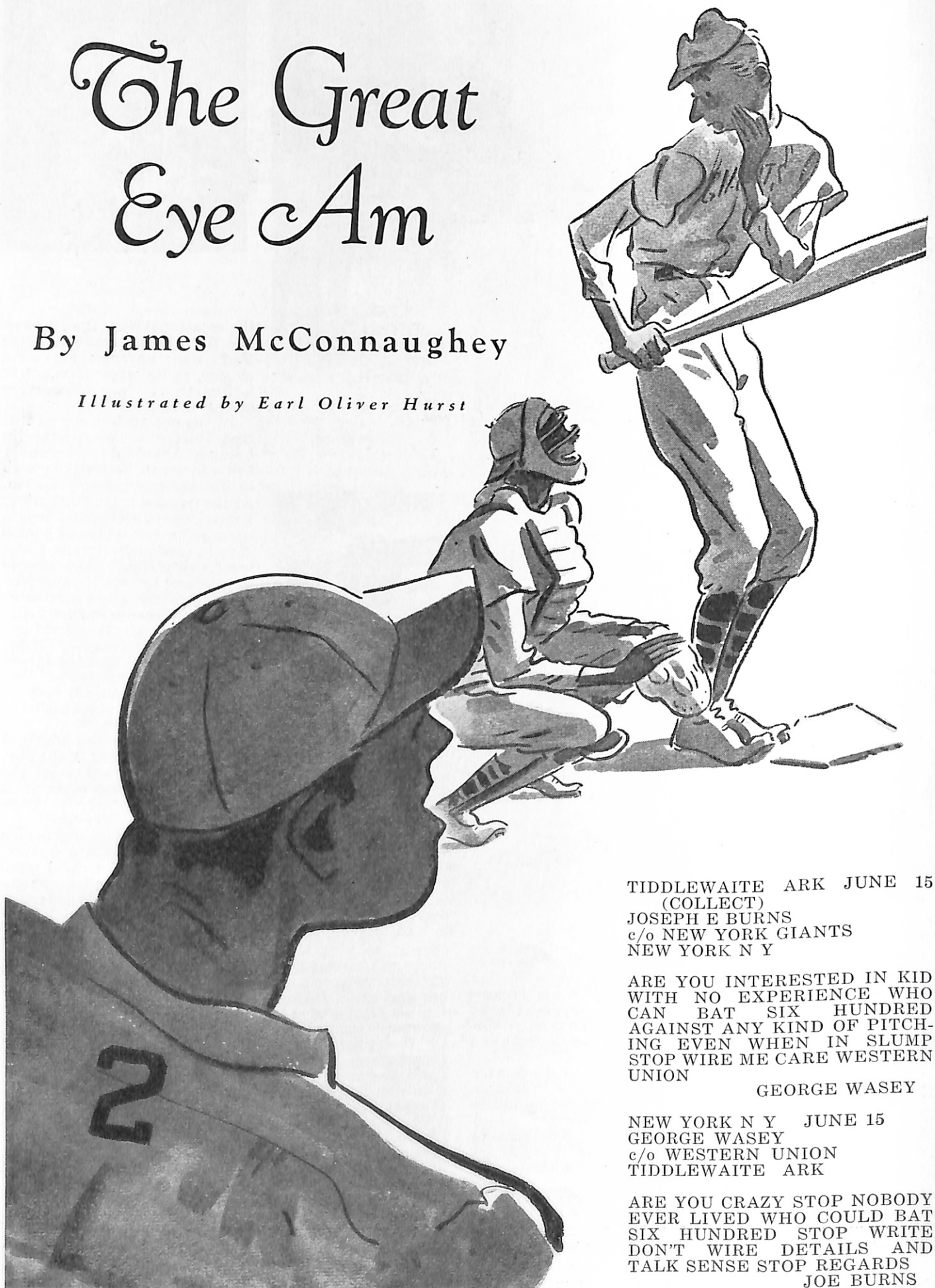
Slowly, as seen from that distance of several miles, it began to descend. The agony of those on that craft at that awful moment may be imagined; death by burning or by falling, that was their choice. Suddenly the flames became visible, and the whole massive structure went down swiftly and was lost to sight by the intervening buildings. And one of Count Zeppelin's masterpieces of engineering became a confused mass of twisted girders and molten metal—with somewhere in the wreckage the calcined remains of what were living men a few minutes earlier.

The ethics of air-raids on unfortified cities, such as London, is a matter of dispute, and I do not attempt to condemn or defend that peculiar form of warfare. But one thing we can all allow, now that the passage of years has softened our prejudices, the officers and crews of those graceful machines were brave men. The navigation, even in daylight and unmolested, was difficult and dangerous, for it was something new; but add to that a cruise in the black night, far into the territory of a dogged and resourceful antagonist, intent on your destruction, (Continued on page 35)

The Great Eye Am

By James McConnaughey

Illustrated by Earl Oliver Hurst



TIDDLEWAITE ARK JUNE 15
(COLLECT)
JOSEPH E BURNS
c/o NEW YORK GIANTS
NEW YORK N Y

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN KID
WITH NO EXPERIENCE WHO
CAN BAT SIX HUNDRED
AGAINST ANY KIND OF PITCH-
ING EVEN WHEN IN SLUMP
STOP WIRE ME CARE WESTERN
UNION

GEORGE WASEY

NEW YORK N Y JUNE 15
GEORGE WASEY
c/o WESTERN UNION
TIDDLEWAITE ARK

ARE YOU CRAZY STOP NOBODY
EVER LIVED WHO COULD BAT
SIX HUNDRED STOP WRITE
DON'T WIRE DETAILS AND
TALK SENSE STOP REGARDS
JOE BURNS



He stared at me for a moment and then said, "You're doing all right, Buddy. Don't pay no attention to them."

Tiddlewaite, Ark.

June 16th

Mr. Joseph E. Burns
c/o New York Giants
New York, N. Y.

Dear Joe:

I guess I should have warned you before sending a wire like that, but I was pretty excited. I knew you'd think I was crazy, too. Well, Joe, I'm not, and what I'm going to tell you is the honest-to-God truth.

Bill Slocum and I come down here a few days ago to do some fishing and we happened into the drug store to get some smoking tobacco and odds and ends one day. That's when I first saw this kid. You've probably heard, Joe, the same as me, about that stunt of catching ordinary house flies on the wing, with just a finger and thumb. Well, I never believed it before, and I wouldn't yet if I hadn't seen this kid doing it. I was standing there pop-eyed watching him while he picked them out of the air, let 'em go, and then caught 'em again without hardly making a move, when a fellow standing beside me, a native, explained that there was something screwy about the kid's eyes. He explained it to me—something about split-vision and something else—but what happens is that the kid sees things in slow motion, sort of. At least that's what it amounts to. He's been written up in medical journals, I guess, because this fellow told me that when there was a convention of eye doctors in St. Louis one time they paid the kid's expenses up there just to examine him.

I guess I stood there and watched him for fifteen minutes. I just couldn't take my eyes off of him. And I kept thinking about what this fellow says—that he sees things in slow motion—and I begun to wonder. I figured he might see them that way, but he certainly didn't move that way. So the next day I talked to the kid. He doesn't do much but run a turkey farm, and I asked him if he'd ever played baseball. He knew what I was talking about, he'd seen it in the movies once. But nobody around there ever played it and he'd never actually seen even a sand-lot game. There wasn't enough kids in that neck of the woods to get up a game, I guess, and there wasn't a baseball or bat in the whole town. I had to drive twenty-five miles to the next town to get one bat and a couple of balls, but I got them. I was curious to see what the kid could do.

He was willing, all right. I warmed up, throwin' a few against the barn and then I rigged up a plate and a pitcher's mound and told him what the idea was.

"You just swing the bat and hit the ball," I said.

"Where shall I hit it?" he asked me.

"Any place. Right back at me, if you want to."

I showed him how to hold the bat and he swung it a few times just to get the feel of it. Then I got on the mound and threw one in there. He didn't get his bat around in time on the first one. He turned around and stared at it as it banged into the dirt and then up against the barn and said, "Boy, you sure can throw that thing. Let's try again."

He was all set for the second one. He just seemed to be watching that ball coming down the alley and then he winds up and smacks it. I just barely had time to get the glove up in front of my face. He'd smacked it right on the nose. Of course, that was my "nothin'" ball, my fast one, but I ain't lost all my speed, Joe, you know that. I struck out eleven in one game just two years ago, you remember. Next I gave him a curve and I had to duck that one, too. Right then I decided it wasn't safe to be the target no more, so I told him to bang them out into left field, center, right, and every place I could think of.

Now I know for a fact, Joe, that I ain't lost all my stuff. Them curves was workin' pretty good, and the fast ball had a lot of zip to it. But get this—he *didn't miss a one!* He could just about drop a Texas Leaguer in a bushel basket, his aim was that good. He didn't hit any home run balls, but neither did Cobb when he was placing them. And if I ever saw a kid that was a born hitter—no, I'll go further and say there ain't never been *nobody* who could hit like this kid.

You can get him for practically nothing, I think. I sounded him out. Offer him two hundred dollars bonus for signing up and he'll jump at it. Even if he never figures out what the idea of the game is he'd be worth a fortune as a pinch hitter. Just think what it would mean to have a guy on tap who could guarantee to produce a single every time he went to bat. Boy, think of the games he could bust up.

As I said before, everything I'm

telling you is the honest-to-God truth, and I'll even pay the kid's railroad expenses to New York. If he isn't as good as I say he is, I won't ask you to pay me back.

Yours for the pennant,
GEORGE.

From the New York Bulletin

New York, June 20. Elmer Peters, of Tiddewaite, Ark., has just been signed by the Giants. Indications are he will be used largely as a pinch hitter. Peters has had no previous major league experience.

Tiddewaite, Ark.
June 20th

Miss Mary Carlisle
Fayetteville, Ark.

Dear Mary:

Well, Mary, the strangest thing has happened, I hardly know where to begin. The New York Giants, which is a baseball team way up there in New York, gave me two hundred dollars and a job at thirty-five dollars a week to play baseball for them.

Now I know you will think this is just another one of my hairbrained ideas and you will ask what will become of the turkeys, but Jim Lester is going to take care of the turkeys for a share of the profits, and besides that, I get all my expenses paid while I'm in New York, or at least while we travel. So I can't lose. They're even paying my way there on a Pullman—that's a car you sleep in when night comes, you know—and I got a contract. It's sort of an option, I guess, instead of a contract, but I had Judge Bowman look it over for me just to make sure everything was O.K. and to make sure I wasn't supposed to pay them thirty-five dollars a week instead of them paying me that much.

Isn't that one of the strangest things, though, Mary? I guess it's because of my eyes. The man told me—a Mr. Wasey, an awfully nice man that was down here fishing—that it was pretty hard for the average person to hit the ball when they throw it at you, but it was pretty simple, I thought. He said I didn't have to know how to play the game. All I'd have to do would be to get up there and hit it where they tell me to. And I only work a couple of hours every afternoon to get all that money. When you figure that I ought to be able to save at least half of it, inside of a few months we ought to have almost enough to get married on, what with what you make from teaching school this year.

Well, Mary, since I'm leaving for New York (doesn't that sound important?) tomorrow, you'd better send your next letter care of the New York Giants, New York, N. Y.

Yours,
ELMER.

P.S. I put the two hundred dollars in the bank so they couldn't change their minds. That makes three hundred and forty-three sixty in the old balance column. Yours,

ELMER.

P.S. (again) I'm pretty excited, so if this letter sounds kind of funny, you'll know why. Yrs., E.

Tiddewaite, Ark.
June 24th

Mr. Elmer Peters
c/o New York Giants
New York, N. Y.

Dear Elmer:

I hope this letter gets to you, and that it isn't read by everybody else on the team first. It certainly doesn't sound like a very definite address, just the New York Giants.

The minute I got home, and you can bet I came as soon as I could, I went to see Judge Bowman and he told me you really were going to get thirty-five dollars a week, and that it wasn't a scheme of a lot of swindlers trying to take the turkey farm away from you.

I guess, in a way, everything is all right, Elmer, but I can't help worrying about you. Away off in New York, with gangsters and all that traffic and everything. Since I got your letter, I have been reading everything I could get my hands on about baseball, and I must say the players lead a pretty off life. Traveling from city to city and living in hotels and only working about two hours a day. It sounds sort of immoral, but if you're strong you can come back to Tiddewaite the same as you were when you left it.

But I don't see why you left the farm in Jim Lester's care, when you know that Jim Lester is the laziest boy in Tiddewaite. I went out there this morning to see if everything was all right, but, of course, it's too early yet to see any change for the worse. I wouldn't stay a minute longer than you have to in New York, however, if you still expect to have some turkeys by the time you get back.

I'm too upset to write much today. I still can't see why anybody would pay you thirty-five dollars a week just to hit a ball, but Judge Bowman says baseball players sometimes get even a lot more than that. So maybe they're not paying you enough, and before you sign anything else, you'd better investigate and find out what some of the other players are getting.

Write me often, Elmer, because I know I'll worry every minute with you way off in New York and nobody to look after you.

Love,
MARY.

P.S. Don't catch cold, and be sure and change your shoes the minute your feet get wet. You know how your colds hang on. Love, Mary.

*To my amazement he walked
right past me and up to a
girl who I found out was
Marie Turner*



New York
June 28th

Miss Mary Carlisle,
Tiddletwaite, Ark.

Dear Mary:

Well, here I am, a member of the New York Giants, with a suit and everything. I would of sent you a

picture of me but the suit has short pants and I thought you'd laugh. I don't look very dignified in them, but that's what everybody else wears and they just looked at me funny when I asked for a suit with long pants. Anyway, nobody knows me up here, so I guess it don't make much difference.



Well, Mary, I've got a lot to tell you, but I hardly know where to start. They took me out to the "field"—that's what they call the place where you play, but it isn't really a field because the grass is cut and there are paths where you run—the first day I got here and introduced me to a few of the players and then they gave me a bat just like Mr. Wasey did and had me stand up at the "plate" while the pitcher threw balls at me. This pitcher threw them a little faster, even, than Mr. Wasey, but the only difference was that they seemed to go a little farther when I hit them. He threw ten or twelve at me and I hit them wherever they told me to and pretty soon the whole team was standing around watching.

Then they got another man to pitch, and before they finished, I guess they had seven different guys out there throwing at me. One at a time, of course. But it didn't make any difference, I could hit them all. Then they put a lot of players out in the field and told me to hit the ball where they weren't, and I did this for a while. They couldn't ever get to the balls in time to catch them. But there wasn't anything peculiar about that, because where I was hitting them—in the "out" field—there were only three men, and it was easier to hit the balls where they weren't than where they were.

Well, about this time everybody was getting pretty excited—they didn't yell or carry on or anything, but they would sort of look at each other and shake their heads, and then they would stare at me with their mouths half open, like I wasn't human. And every once in a while three or four of them would get together and I could hear them say, "Well, that's the gol-dangest thing I ever seen," and such expressions.

Finally I turned around to the "catcher"—that's the man they had standing behind the plate to catch the balls the pitcher threw when I had to step out of the box to get a drink of water, or something—and said, "Mister, aren't I doing this right? Why do they all look at me like that?"

He stared at me for a minute and then said, "You're doin' all right, Buddy. Don't pay no attention to them."

We had a fine lunch after that at a big hotel and then we went back to the field and got into our suits again, because that afternoon we were playing a team from St. Louis. One of the men told me that the St. Louis team comes to New York every once in a while to play the Giants, and that we even go to St. Louis. Imagine that, Mary. Think of the expense.

Well, I sat in a little place called the "dug-out," while the game was being played—and you wouldn't believe it, Mary, but there were thousands of people there just to watch the game—and first our side would

(Continued on page 40)



On The Trail

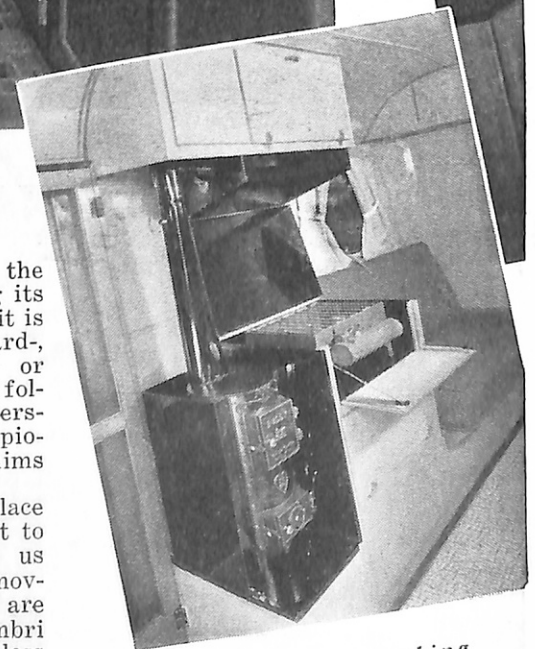
By Fairfax Downey

THE extraordinary possibilities and implications of this trailer affair are hard to realize, so sudden and swift has been the growth of the popularity of these houses on wheels. Upon the best authorities available, it is estimated that there were from 20,000 to 30,000 built in 1935, the first year of large production. It is further estimated that the 350 companies making them today will manufacture in the neighborhood of 90,000 to 100,000 in 1937.

It is said that more than 100,000 families today are motoring along with trailers hooked on to their cars and parking their portable homes all over the face of the nation. That means that a new race of nomads has been born; that Americans without the bother of folding tents or being

silent, are stealing away like the Arabs. Our history is repeating its covered wagon days, except that it is now a case not only of westward-, but of southward-, northward- or eastward-ho. As the Indians followed the buffalo and the frontiersman the beaver, so the trailer pioneers are following weather, whims or whatnot.

Before our eyes are taking place myriad migrations no longer left to the birds. Trailers have lent us wings. These trailer travelers, moving sometimes in tribal groups, are modern Mongols, present-day Cimbri and Teutoni, leaving, one trusts, less devastation in their wake, but motivated by the same primitive impulses. The effect on traditionally restless America is no light matter, and at



Heating and cooking equipment in the Silver Dome Hyway Coach

any moment now we may expect a flood of editorials on our auto-embodied spirits demanding: Whither Are We Trailing?

A change of season, and the trailers go rolling along in numbers which, it can be safely predicted, are nothing to what they will be in the near future. Except for the journeys of the well-to-do to winter and summer resorts, distinctly a minor movement, there is in the world today no human counterpart of these increasing trailer migrations. For

a small automobile and depending for night's shelter on a tent jammed in with the family, or upon roadside tourist cabins. Lastly the trailer which is just the cabin put on wheels and hooked on behind the car, an infinite advance.

You had only to visit the 1937 automobile shows to see that the trailer has come a long way from the early homemade make-shifts. Already there are about fifty different models. Some of them are as long as 25 feet, and an old favorite song

—or rather, of the trailer. One or two complete electric systems furnish the current for cooking, light, heating, refrigeration, ventilation and communication. The last mentioned comprises a telephone connected with the driver. While that seems a slightly disturbing feature, back-seat driving thus far removed may lose some of its menace. Installations of a speedometer and an altimeter also assist trailer occupants in keeping tabs. Besides the phone, only one other disquieting note in trailer equipment is to be noted—the windows in one model, which are described as Pullman type. Yet it may be possible to open them without the aid of that ax in the glass case one sees on railroad trains.

There are sleeping accommodations for as many as six persons in some models. Sliding doors divide one type into three rooms.

Designers, aware that no woman ever yet agreed to the buying or renting of any kind of a home without inspecting for closet and storage space, have done their best under cramped circumstances. They have supplied wardrobes, cupboards, baggage and storage space, built-in trunks, vanity cabinets. Other accessories are studio couches, bridge tables, foot-rests and radios. Toilet facilities, always a motoring problem in pre-trailer days, have been given the considerable attention they deserve.

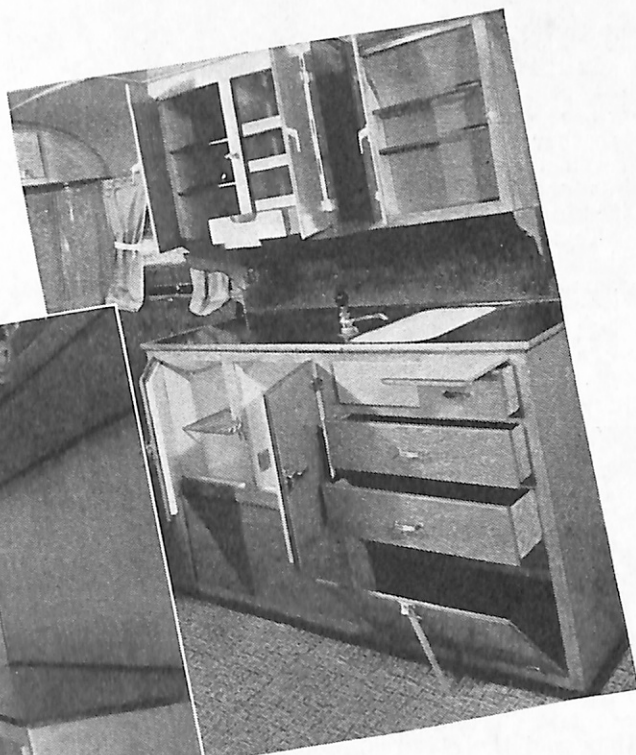
And trailers have proved to be just one more field day for the interior decorators. In some models they have wreaked their will in chromium trimmings and pastel shades. They have been lavish with ivory and black tiles for kitchens and bathrooms. There is nothing to prevent their doing period interiors—early American, for instance, with a maple finish and a sampler on the wall reading, "Home is where the car is." However, special jobs are an optional luxury, since the trailer purchaser finds a good deal of latitude of selection in standard colors and fittings.

Engineers have not neglected the riding qualities of the vehicles. Spring efficiency has been carefully attended to. So has the elimination of side-sway. Sturdy braking systems, automatic and synchronized with the car brakes, reassure a driver against his trailer's piling up on the back of his neck. In some cases, window frames are set in sponge rubber to prevent rattling.

One of the neatest of all tricks in trailer construction is adjustable road clearance for wilderness road driving. It rather gives a non-motorist pause to think that even roads may soon no longer be the limit of where the things can go. At any rate, they are still not amphibian.

Built-in jacks take care of uncoupling and parking the trailer at rest. While most of the trailer models are self-sustaining for fairly extended periods, they also are equipped to be connected up with community lighting and water sys-

On opposite page the rear end of the DeLuxe Covered Wagon model showing the dining nook, with pullman type seats which can be made into a double bed. Note the mahogany interiors of this 19 foot model



The compact and efficient ice-box, sink and cupboard units in, above, the Silver Dome Hyway Coach, and left, the Schult Trailer

something comparable, one must turn to the birds, as mentioned, or to the lemmings, those strange little European rodents which periodically rush across country to swim to death in the ocean in search, so it is said, of the lost Atlantis. However, the trailerites apparently are safely finding their several Atlantises and liking them—at least until they feel the need of a change.

Though the trailer has the aspect of an innovation, it is nevertheless a logical bit of native American evolution. First, the Indians with their frameworks of bound saplings dragged by a pony to transport teepee and contents and perhaps a papoose. Then the covered wagon or the pack train. Next the "tin can" tourist with everything loaded into

may have to be revised to run: "There's a long, long trailer winding, into the land of my dreams." Even such length is not always enough, for caravans of a motor car with two trailers have been seen on the road. New trailers embody all the latest wrinkles in house construction: air-conditioning, structural insulation, all- or part-steel frames. Also, of course, transportation's inevitable streamlining.

The compactness and conveniences with which the apartment house landlord catches his clients are amply and alluringly provided. Disappearing, collapsible or concealed seats, tables, beds (twin or double), bathtubs, showers and refrigerators. Ingenious and practical kitchens make their appeal to the lady of the house

tems. The trailer camps springing up in increasing numbers throughout the country are prepared to furnish such service.

The cost of a trailer, according to recent quotations, runs upward of \$3,000 or down to as low as \$275. As with autos, there are various price groups.

Take, say, a \$275 trailer—and quite a few people are doing just that—let it loose and what will be the general effect? It multiplies up into rather far-reaching and startling potentialities.

The manner in which the American stage has been set for the entrance of the trailer is nothing short of amazing. Our vast and growing network of roads spreads out over a land whose natural barriers have been overcome, when artificial barriers do not exist. The Mexican and Canadian borders halt the motorist only briefly. As tourists and motor-bus passengers we have become accustomed to long trips. Statistics show that the bulk of our travel is by motor; that we average 3,000 miles per capita annually; that the average American travels twenty times as far by automobile as he does by train and aircraft combined. The part which the trailer has played in setting these records is large, considering its novelty, yet small in view of the part it is due to play henceforth.

Not only the vacationists took early to trailers. Other pioneers were the itinerant laborers who drive from one seasonal job to another—to the wheat fields, the fruit orchards, the fish and vegetable canneries, all the various harvests. Their first trailers were improvised from trucks or ancient limousines. Now they are buying the standard product. More than a minor effect on the labor situation, not only in the classes just mentioned, but in others, can be foreseen as laborers become more and more mobile through trailers. By no means does the appeal of the trailer confine itself to one class of labor. It reaches out into scores of other crafts and trades, normally static, and uproots them, at least temporarily. Last summer a woman hairdresser and her electrician husband, both employed in New Hampshire, bought a trailer with which they drove south this winter. They are living in it while they fill the jobs they had arranged for in Florida. That is one of many such instances.

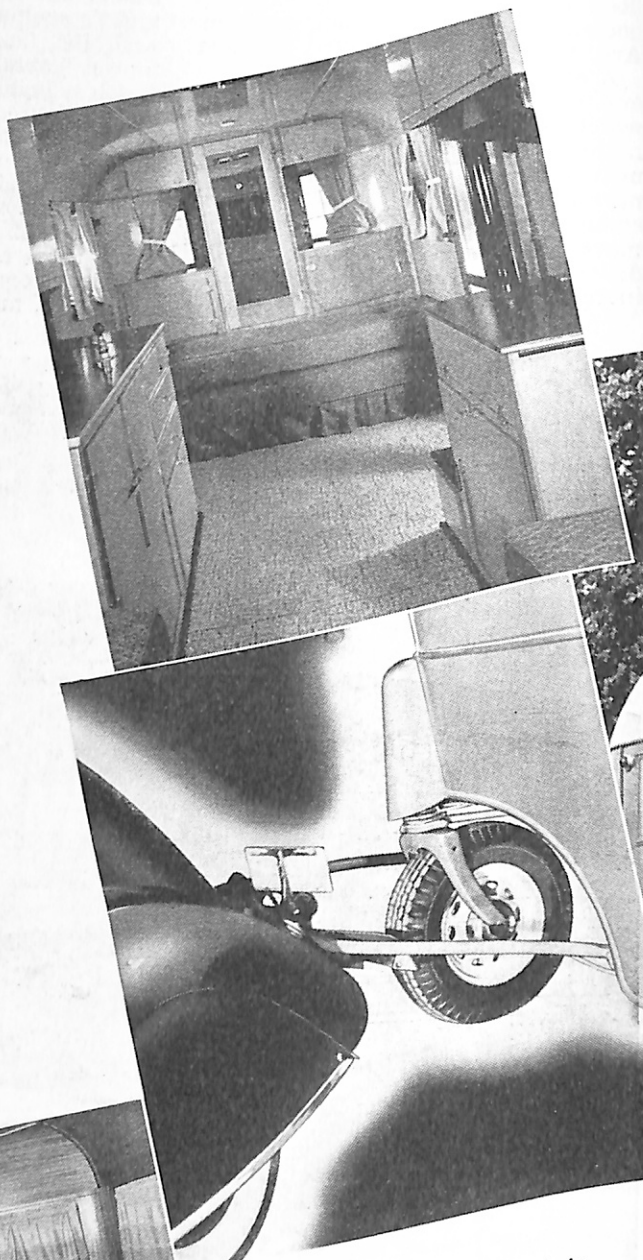
The effect of this novel mobility of workmen on the labor situation bids fair to be startling. The fate of industries, of localities may hang upon this unprecedented fluidity. The economic dams which stand against the fickle current—the price of a car, a trailer and a little extra—are not high. As a flood to a glacier may be such displacement to, for example, the gradual shift of the textile industry from New England to the South. In an article in the New York Herald Tribune, H. C. Dickinson, chief of the division of Heat and

Power of the Bureau of Standards, recently asked,

"What will happen if millions of workers with their families are free to slip away on a moment's notice and seek new employment one hundred or three thousand miles away if they are not satisfied with conditions where they are? Such freedom and ease of motion may have revolutionary effects."

In the labor unions, the controversy may come to be, not whether they shall be vertical or horizontal, but whether motorized or stabilized.

Trailers, as they already have done to some extent, may further revive those peripatetic callings which were common in the United States fifty years and more ago. The journeyman printer, for one, who now may carry his type case and handpress along in his trailer. The tinker and the peddler, too. They and their wagons were our nearest approach to the European Gypsies, always rather scarce in this country. Trailerized, they and their wares



At top: Looking forward in the sixteen foot Silver Dome Hyway Coach

Above center: The improved coupling device on a modern trailer

Left: The forward living room section of the Covered Wagon Custom Coach

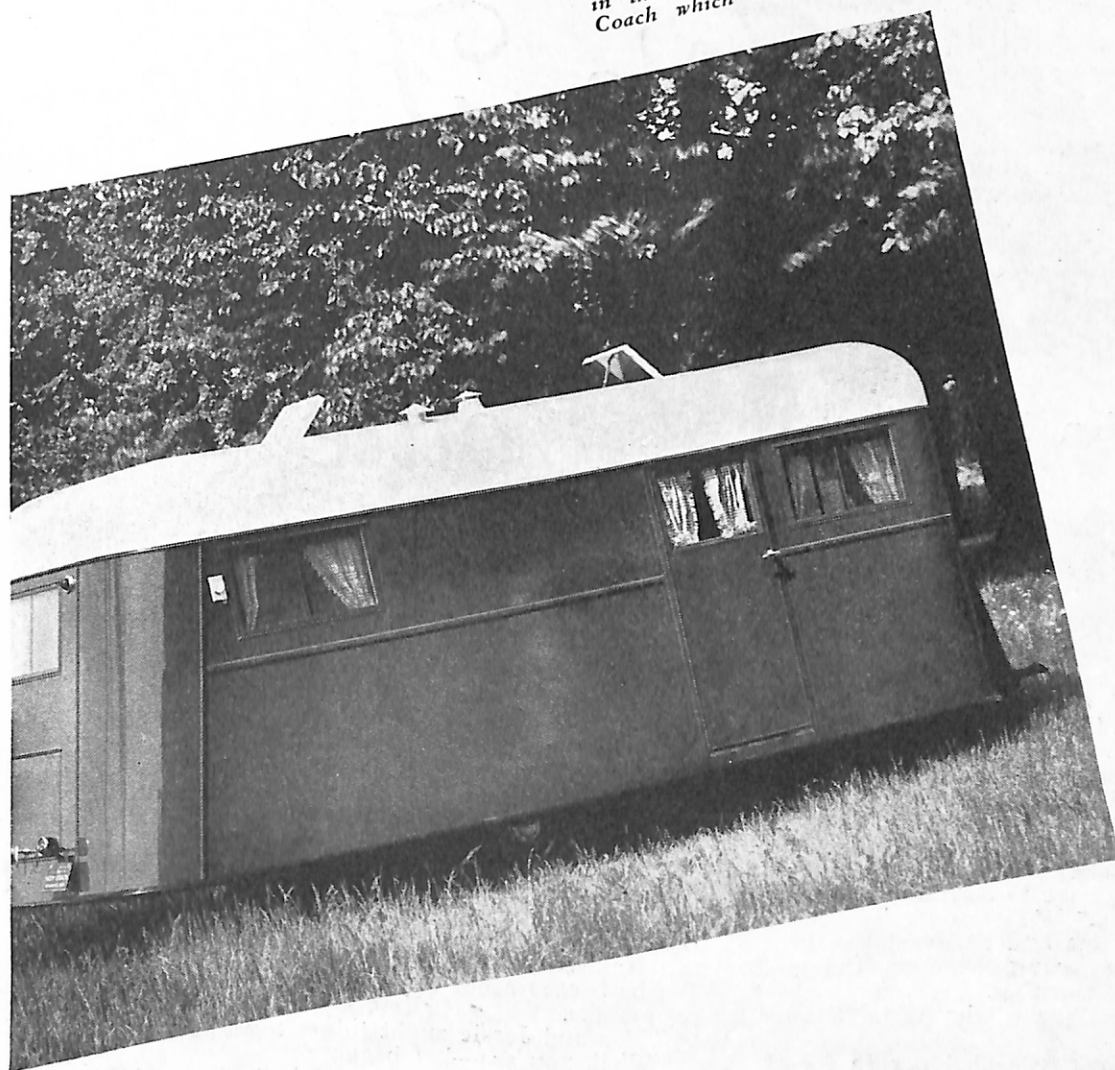


or services may be welcomed in a community, according to local wants. The traveling salesman, whose trailer is his showroom, is a present fact, and an unhappy one for town hotels. Mobile retail salesrooms are only a step further. Might they be adjunct or competition to the great

mail order houses? Trailer vs. catalogue.

Back from the past, too, has been hailed the circuit-riding preacher of yore, his trailer a chapel. The circuit-riding country lawyer, whose office was once his saddle-bags, may follow the clerical example. Doctors

Streamlining and simplicity of designs are featured attractions in the exterior of the Kozy-Coach which is shown below



have done so. Needs of isolated districts now are being satisfied by trailer caravans employed by medical groups as traveling clinics. And for some time, the circulating library, motorized, has been circulating as never before.

With members of families or groups of friends traveling together in their several trailers as they now do, it is no wild flight of fancy to visualize veritable tribal treks, carrying essentials of community life along. The little red school house, meeting-hall, hospital, library—all on wheels. Such caravans would be units self-sufficient in many ways; forced to buy food, gasoline and oil, of course, but perhaps able to purchase cooperatively and economically. (Watch the evolution of filling stations and the further development of trailer camp grounds, as those vehicles begin to swarm even more thickly.)

The entertainment industry has

been quick to take advantage of trailers, especially the chautauquas and country fair attractions. For the theatre, the trailer may mean a renaissance of road companies, just as it may broaden the scope of the summer theatres, bearing troupes from barn to barn when formerly they were confined to one. Circuses will find the transition easy. It holds promise for the motion pictures. Movie stars now are using trailers (de luxe models, characteristically) as dressing rooms when working "on location."

In the 1936 political campaign, a Democratic candidate for Congress made clever use of trailers. With two of them, gaudily placarded, hitched behind his car, he toured his Connecticut district. He lived in the first trailer and hospitably showed voters through it at every stop. The rear trailer had a platform with loudspeaker for exhorting the electorate. Inside it was a political

headquarters where henchmen, their chief modestly absent, extolled his merits and passed out "literature." The trailer campaigner won handily. It might be argued that he would have won anyway in the landslide, yet his Republican opponent long had been the incumbent and might well not have been dislodged without the unique methods used against him. Forthcoming campaigns are bound to see much more of such motorized electioneering. Returns may report of losing candidates, who failed to cover their districts in the modern manner, that they are trailing by two trailers.

The kind of trailer that has wilderness road clearance is being employed as a hunting lodge. They are fitted up as gun or rod rooms. Using them as a base, sportsmen make more extended trips during which they sleep under tents which are part of the trailer's sporting equipment.

For the rolling stone and the foot-loose, trailers are a godsend. They are diminishing provincialism to a degree, for they are inducing to travel thousands of previously

stubbornly-settled people. They have lowered amazingly the bars of expense—cost of transportation and cost of accommodations. Travelers who roll along under their own roof and park by roadside or in camp escape tipping, for one thing, and are rid of the annoyance of baggage, checking it and packing and unpacking. The trailer is not good news for the railroads, for hotels and resorts or even for overnight tourist cabins. Nor, for that matter, for housing in general. Not long ago, a New York family moved out of its apartment (rent \$125 a month), bought a trailer, moved into it, and rented space in a parking lot for \$25 a month.

The economies of life in a trailer are so attractive that owners, believing them too good to last, must be feeling some apprehensions. Justifiably so, it may be ventured. More than a few townships must already

(Continued on page 52)

We Have to Be Polite

By John Paine

Illustrated by

John J. Floherty, Jr.

JESSIE was sitting on the bed, holding the telephone. "I won't go," I said. "Tell them that."

Jessie pushed back her hair and looked sore. "Don't be an airedale," she said. "We have to be polite."

"Tell them your Uncle John is coming."

"I haven't any Uncle John," she said.

"Tell them it's your long lost Uncle John from Australia. Tell them you have to be nice or he'll cut us off without a single sheep."

I went into the bathroom and slammed the door.

Next day Chet Healey caught me on the station platform. It was a dark morning.

"Pretty soft for you, Charlie," he said. "Congratulations."

"Thanks," I said. "Bank's decided not to foreclose. How did you know?"

"I mean about Jessie's uncle. I hear he's rolling."

Wonderful woman, my wife, but too literal.

"Oh, that," I said. "I really don't know." I could feel myself getting red.

"You wouldn't kid a guy," Chet said. "Hank Watterson says he owns most of the sheep in Australia."

"Yes," I said. "Yes. I guess he owns a lot of them all right. But you know what sheep are." The train was coming in and I was looking for a crowded car.

Chet caught me by the arm. "Look here, Charlie," he said. "If he wants to make any investments I could put him onto something good."

"Sure," I said. "Sure. I bet you could at that." Then I got away.

That night I stopped for a drink in the station. Stu Hollabird was there. "Have one on me," Stu said. "This is getting to be a habit."

"Thanks," I said. It had been a habit with Stu for fifteen years, only now he didn't have to carry it with him.

"The commuters' hour," he said and laughed. There were four checks in front of him.

"Make mine Scotch and soda," I said. "It eases the jolts."

"Sure," Stu said. "And dulls the faculties. That's what we need—duller brains for riding trains. But what do you care? You're on easy street now. With Jessie's uncle—"

"Good old Uncle John!" I said. I was commencing to believe in him myself.

"I suppose you'll stop commuting."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I rather like it."

"That's it," Stu said. "It wouldn't be so bad if you didn't have to. What's he worth anyhow?"

"Plenty," I said. "So far as I can find out."

Stu laughed. "That's right," he said. "Don't let anything slip. You always were a close one."

At the Junction, Clare Andrews gave me a lift; Bob, her husband, had missed the train.

"How long has Jessie's uncle been with you?" she asked.

"He hasn't come yet," I said.

She turned around and looked at me. I saw I'd made a mistake.

"You and Jessie ought to get together," she said.

"Well, you see—" I began.

"Oh, you don't have to explain," Clare said. "If you and Jessie want to keep him to yourselves—"

"You don't understand, Clare. The old gentleman wasn't feeling very well and he said—"

"So he's old," Clare said. "Jessie didn't tell me that."

"Maybe not so very old," I said, "but he's feeble and he looks—"

Clare turned around again and looked at me while a truck ran off the road and through a fence to avoid hitting us.

Clare paid no attention. "Do you think he'd be able to come to dinner with us on Thursday?"

"I really don't think he'll be with us that long," I said. "And how are the children, Clare?"

There was a tincture of arsenic in her eyes when she looked at me again. "But Jessie said—"

"Let me out here, please," I said. "I've got to stop at the drug store. No, thanks, I'll walk the rest of the way. My best to Bob."

When I got home Jessie was poking around the guest room closet with a broom.

"Looking for Uncle John?" I said.

She turned around with a start. "I don't care," she said. "It makes me nervous. There might be somebody here in the house."

"Sure," I said. "There's got to be somebody here in the house, and it's got to be Uncle John, and it makes me worse than nervous. Let's have a drink."

We had a couple. Then Jessie said, "We've got to get him away. I can't stand this."

"Sure," I said, "but how? There's always someone at the station. And Mrs. Rumpson across the street—"

"Tell them it's your long lost Uncle John from Australia! Tell them you have to be nice to him or he will cut us off without a single sheep."



"You got us into this," Jessie said.
 "I never said he *had* come. I just suggested—"
 "Oh, shut up," Jessie said.
 She's a wonderful woman, but temperamental.
 "I've got it," Jessie said. "We'll get him off on the midnight for Washington. Business."
 "Good," I said. "And if he shows his mug around here again—"

"You don't have to swear at me," Jessie said.
 After that we went to bed.

It was dark again next morning. Chet Healey caught me on the station platform. "About those investments for your uncle," he said. "I've prepared a list."

"Sorry," I said, "the old gentleman's gone. Washington. Business. He caught the midnight."

He gave me a fishy eye and walked away. It's the first time Chet ever walked away from anyone.

Then Stu Hollabird came up and told me about the wreck. The track had been tied up and there hadn't been any trains through since ten last night. That was bad.

"How's the uncle?" he asked.

"Oh, Uncle John?" I said. "He left last night. Motored. Unexpected business."

In the smoker I heard Chet saying, "And he told me he hated the old bird."

"Sure, there's something darned fishy about it," Stu

said. Then they saw me and shut up.

It was late when I got home that night. I put the car in the garage and went into the house the back way. Jessie was in the kitchen. She seemed to be having hysterics. I pushed back my hat and watched her a while. Pretty soon she quieted down and said, "There's someone to see you in the living-room." I said, "Who?"

"Go in and see," Jessie said.

I went in. There was Officer O'Kelley, looking uncomfortable.

"Hello, O'Kelley," I said. "How's tricks?"

"Take it easy," he said. "This is no laughing matter."

"What isn't?" I said. "What's the gag?"

"Where's your wife's uncle?"

"See here, Officer," I said. "She hasn't got any uncle."

O'Kelley looked worried. "That's what she said. Only it won't go. There are people here who've seen him, and Mrs. Andrews wants to know what happened to him. You've told too many stories and they don't fit together. What's more we found red stains in the garage—"

"For Pete's sake, Officer," I said. "That's red paint from the time the house was painted."

"We'll find out about that," he said. "Only you better watch what you say."

So while I'm here in jail, and they're trying to find the body, I thought maybe I'd better write the whole thing down the way it happened.

What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books

Reported by Harry Hansen

I STILL hear people debating whether novels ought to be long or short, and I don't think it matters at all. A novel ought to have a good story, or a good idea, and hold your interest from beginning to end. If the story lingers on in your mind after you put down the book, if it makes you go back over the episodes, then it has qualities worth recognizing. That's precisely the case with James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone." This is a short novel, 229 pages, about the size of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." But remember what a lot of human insight and feeling Mr. Hilton packed into that fine book which made his reputation. Well, "We Are Not Alone" is more of a story, less of a biographical essay, than that, but there are points of resemblance. Its central character is a small-town surgeon in England, a quiet, helpful man, David Newcome, a meek fellow like the schoolmaster, to whom things just happen and who can't do much of anything about it. Dr. Newcome gets involved in a crime case by circumstantial evidence. He is not one to make a great stir in the world—takes things as they come, answers the calls that arise and is interested chiefly in the welfare of his little boy. To tell what happens to him would spoil your enjoyment of a good story—I am not going to do that. It should suffice to say that James Hilton is extraordinarily skillful in his technical handling of a story. His suspense is excellent; he keeps the reader guessing and yet, at the end, he ties up all the loose ends. Moreover there is a touch here of that tenderness and spirituality that runs through his books, just the right amount for his purpose. Mr. Hilton's "Lost Horizon" has just been released in the films, in one of the most expensive productions to date, directed by Frank Capra. Mr. Hilton has also been busy in Hollywood, but—as this story shows—not enough to spoil him. Don't miss "We Are Not Alone"—you can read it in an evening. (Little, Brown & Co. \$2)

W. Somerset Maugham Portrays an Actress

What W. Somerset Maugham does



James Hilton, author of "We Are Not Alone," (Little, Brown & Co.)

to an actress named Julia Lambert in a new novel called "Theatre" is something to talk about. He says she's invented—no real person portrayed in this book—and she ought to be, for his sake. He describes an English actress aged 46, whose husband, Michael Gosselyn, thinks her the most wonderful actress in the world, and pretty catty when she wants to be. She plays around with a young author aged 23, flattered at what she can do to his emotions. She tries to capture an elderly admirer, Sir Charles Tamerley, so that she may become Lady Tamerley, but he doesn't fall for her, and she reasons that it must be his age, poor fellow. She dominates everybody, plays havoc because people believe in sincerity, whereas she is the epitome of insincerity. Here is no question of art versus life. Here is only life, the lady acting, acting, acting, and only her youthful son sees through her. "You don't know the difference between truth and make-believe," he tells his mother. "You never stop acting. It's second nature to you. You act to the servants, you act to Father, you act to me. You don't

exist, you're only the innumerable parts you've played. Sham is your truth. Just as margarine is butter to people who don't know what butter is." Does Julia wilt at that? Well, Julia never wilts for long, because she is... an actress! Mr. Maugham is a story-teller who makes no bones about human behavior. No gloss finish for him. This, he says in effect, is the way it happens; this is what she says to you aloud, and here is the plain, vulgar truth that she says to herself. And it's all theatre. Anyone who enjoys Mr. Maugham's hard, cruel ways with women will enjoy "Theatre." (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50)

Forgotten Heroes of America

Many great names are recorded on patriotic monuments of the United States, but many others have been omitted. A nation does not always pay its just debts. Such reflections come upon reading "General Washington's Son of Israel and Other Forgotten Heroes of History," by Charles Spencer Hart. Mr. Hart's brisk and colorful writing is well known to readers of this Magazine, for his articles have appeared in these pages. Now, in book form, they are an impressive reminder of the forgetfulness, if not ingratitude, of nations. Here is the story of Haym Salomon, whose well-filled coffers were so thoroughly at the command of Washington and the new republic that he died without funds. Although Congress and individual Presidents made efforts to repay the debt, even as late as 1925, Salomon's contribution to the success of our country—he even underwrote most of the expenses of Lafayette's army—was never returned.

The roster of forgotten men is large. Mr. Hart recalls the valiant service of Major William Dawes, whose exploit in arousing the patriots on the eve of Concord and Lexington has been obscured by the publicity given Paul Revere by Longfellow. Sam Davis, 21-year-old Confederate spy, died bravely without giving information—his fame is as dead as his cause. John Fitch ran a steamboat as early as 1787, but Robert Fulton gets the laurels. In 1733 John Peter Zenger made his famous fight for freedom of the press. Amerigo Vespucci, Mr. Hart feels, should have the real credit for discovering America. John Sevier, governor of the unrecognized state of Franklin, had a picturesque career. Squire Boone, brother of the widely known Daniel, was important and is unknown. Jean Ribault, who settled Parris Island before St. Augustine was settled; James Shields of Illinois, who once challenged Lincoln to a duel; J. A. MacGahan, war correspondent, who helped win freedom for Bulgaria; Charles Goodyear, who made rubber a useful product after long defeats—all these are remembered by Mr.

(Continued on page 49)

Two CBS gals relaxing on Pacific sands, right, are Joy Hodges, warbler who sings with Jimmy Grier's orchestra, and "Miss Penny," Jack Oakie's radio secretary



Above is a shot of Kate Smith exercising her talents into a Columbia mike. Miss Smith is still one of radio's biggest names

Right: Westbrook Van Voorhis, whose ominous war cry, "Time Marches On!" for the March of Time program has brought him more attention than anything else



Above: Edwin C. Hill, news commentator, is currently broadcasting two worthwhile programs for NBC, "The Human Side of the News" and "The Spectator," two evenings each week

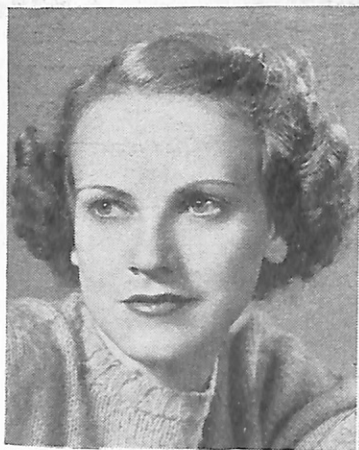
BROAD- Cast

Below you see a harassed crooner, Bing Crosby, center, with Burns on both sides (something could be done about a pun here were we in the mood). Left is Bob Burns, the trombonist of Jimmy Dorsey's band, and right, Bob Burns of Arkansas and the bazooka



Above is the "Swing Fourteen" which is currently being heard with Russ Morgan's orchestra over WABC on Saturdays at 8:30 P. M.





Above is Claudia Morgan, featured in the Theatre Guild's delightful comedy, "Storm Over Patsy," the freshest and most engaging work of the year. Miss Morgan's deft acting and her charm and beauty top off the evening



Right: Elizabeth Allan, Warner Baxter and Mickey Rooney in "Slave Ship," a fine film



Above: Six distinguished members of the Theatre Guild's new Maxwell Anderson play, "The Masque of the Red Death," including Margo, standing, and Henry Hull and Glenn Anders, seated. The play is Anderson's magnificent interpretation of the Mayerling tragedy, when Archduke Rudolph and the Baroness Vetsera were found dead there



Left: Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer admit what they think of one another in a pleasant and sophisticated film, "History Is Made at Night." Mr. Boyer exhibits sultry, French charm and Miss Arthur displays cool, American charm for several entertaining hours



Right: The incredible little Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy play together in, at last, "Captains Courageous," a vehicle which has been screaming for the talented little Britisher these long years. He does handsomely by it, while Mr. Tracy is, as usual, a warm and convincing actor of no little charm

SHOW BUSINESS



Left: Broadway's only crook drama, "The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse," features Sir Cedric Hardwicke (left)

Below: Clark Gable and the charming Myrna Loy play leading roles in M-G-M's adult film of Irish politics, "Parnell."



Above: Marlene Dietrich, the 20th Century Venus, and Robert Donat undergo parlous adventures and romances in the cinematic version of James Hilton's exciting "Knight Without Armor." Miss Dietrich is, as usual, more beautiful than tongue can tell



Right: Katherine Locke and Jules Garfield have the leading roles in Marc Connelly's production of "Having a Wonderful Time," a comedy by Arthur Kober, which has recently come to Broadway



Editorial

GRAND LODGE REPRESENTATIVE

NEARLY all subordinate Lodges realize the importance of sending a Representative to the Grand Lodge, yet at every such meeting a few Lodges are found to have failed in the discharge of this duty to themselves, to their sister Lodges, and to the Order in general.

The Constitution provides that each Lodge shall be entitled to one Representative who shall be its Exalted Ruler then in office. Formerly it provided that such Representative should be elected from the Past Exalted Rulers.

The office of Representative to the Grand Lodge being regarded as one of great importance, the Constitution was amended to provide that the Exalted Ruler ex officio should represent his Lodge as such an official. The underlying purpose of this was to give the Exalted Ruler the benefit of thus becoming familiar with the governing body of the Order and of contacting Exalted Rulers of other Lodges. In this way as in no other can he gain inspiration and learn of what other Exalted Rulers are doing to build up their Lodges and stimulate interest in the membership to the end that the principles of the Order may be carried out in actual accomplishment. Thus enthused and enlightened, the Exalted Ruler returns to his Lodge encouraged and better equipped to discharge the duties of his high and responsible office.

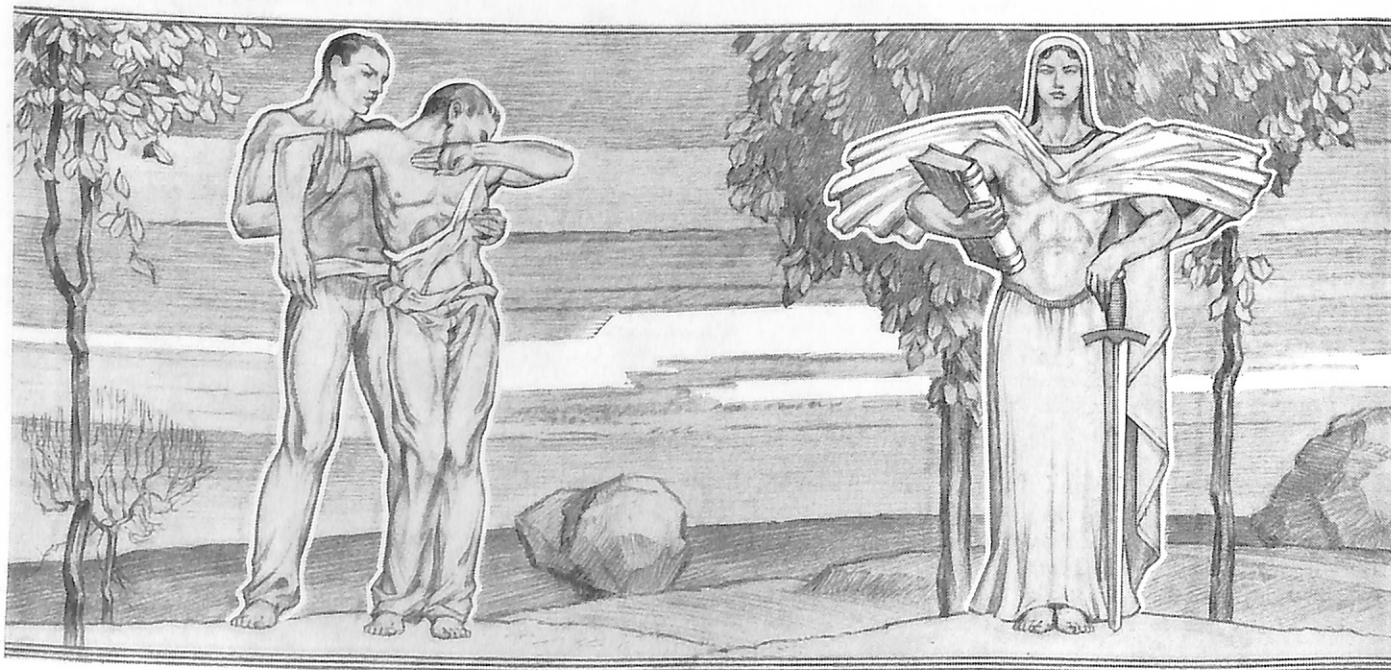
When the Grand Lodge enacted the statute providing that

each subordinate Lodge should pay the expenses of its Representative to the Grand Lodge, it did not feel it was placing a burden, but rather that it was opening wider the door of opportunity to do what would ultimately prove beneficial from every standpoint, even including dollars and cents, in increasing membership with resultant added revenue from initiation fees and dues.

While imposing this duty on the subordinate Lodge, the Grand Lodge also imposes the duty on the Representative to attend every session of the Grand Lodge to which he is accredited and to submit a full and comprehensive report to his Lodge not later than the first regular meeting in the next succeeding October.

A subordinate Lodge is derelict in its duty when it fails to send its Exalted Ruler to the Grand Lodge and that official is derelict in the discharge of his duty when he fails to attend every session, unavoidable absence excepted, and to make a comprehensive report to his Lodge as contemplated by the statute.

While strict compliance with these Constitutional and statutory requirements is of great importance at all times, it is of special importance now that the Order is on the upgrade and is making such splendid strides in recovering from the dispiritedness which followed in the wake of the depression from which the country is now happily recovering.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

FEW, if any, more noble, stately and majestic characters have crossed the stage of American history than Thomas Jefferson.

He was born in the Old Dominion State on the 13th of this month (April), 1743, and came on the scene of action in the perilous and formative period of the history of the Colonies then smarting under the galling yoke of British oppression.

From early manhood Jefferson was marked for distinction. He served his Commonwealth as a member of the House of Burgesses, was a member of the Continental Congress, Governor of Virginia, a member of the United States Congress, Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and the third President of the United States.

He revised the laws of Virginia and wrote into them the famous Statute of Religious Freedom. He founded the University of Virginia, an accomplishment of which he was perhaps more proud than any of his many achievements.

On retiring from public life he returned to Albemarle County, the place of his birth, and spent his remaining days as a farmer. He died on July 4th, 1826, just fifty years to the very day after the Declaration of Independence, his greatest contribution to our country, was adopted and promulgated. He was a great patriot, religionist, lawyer, scholar, philosopher and statesman.

He is buried at Monticello near the stately residence which he erected, which stands as a Shrine to his memory. As one stands at the modest shaft which marks his grave, one instinctively uncovers.

The inscription on the shaft, as he had requested, reads:

"Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Religious Liberty in Virginia, and Founder of the University of Virginia."

One is left to wonder at the brevity of the inscription and to speculate as to the absence of any reference to the fact that he was President of the United States.

Prompted by patriotic sentiment and in recognition of one who had played such an outstanding rôle in the early

history of American independence and in shaping the destiny of the United States, the Grand Lodge of our Order recently erected and dedicated a monumental flagstaff at Monticello from which now floats the Stars and Stripes, replaced from time to time as the winds fray its silken folds, by the Virginia State Elks Association.

You will be interested to read of philosophers and economists who came from all over the world to visit with and take counsel of him; how he came to be known as the Sage of Monticello; how he, although a slave owner, favored the abolition of slavery, and to learn how, with all the wealth of accomplishment about him which made him a man fabulously rich in the affection and esteem of his people, he died a poor man as judged by financial standards.

STABILITY

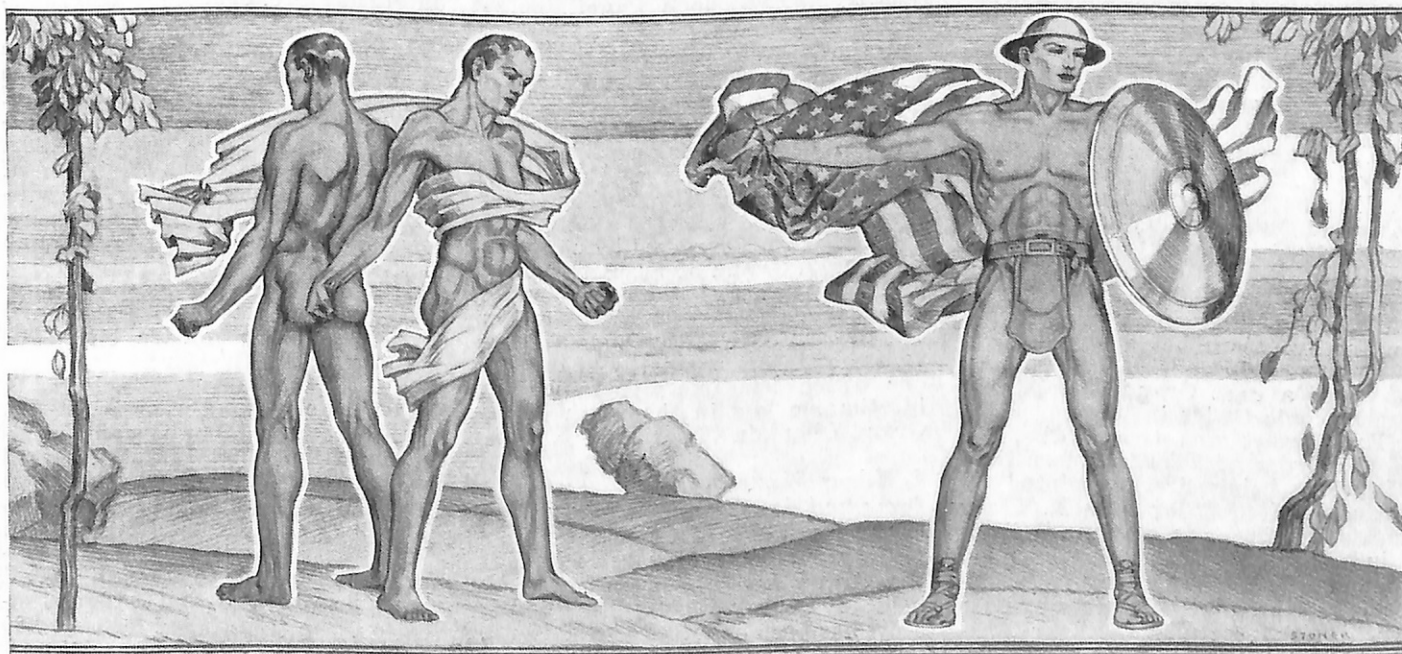
THERE are innumerable words in our language ending in "bility." That suffix is used to convert an adjective into a noun, and connotes capacity as related to the word to which it is appended.

Perhaps the most significant of all such words which relate to human attributes is "STABILITY." It means the capacity or ability to be stable. In the language of the day it is the disposition and capacity to "stay put." It is akin to our cardinal virtue, Fidelity.

There is no human trait that is more commendable. It does not involve stubbornness. But it implies mental soundness and honesty. It suggests firmness of character and the purpose to maintain an attitude thoughtfully assumed, an opinion intelligently formulated. It includes mental and moral, as well as physical, courage.

How frequently one hears the comment: "You can't depend on Jim. He changes with every wind of influence that blows on him." And how much more pleasing it is to hear the tribute: "You can count on old Bill. His word is his bond. He stays put."

Character is builded on stability for it necessarily implies fundamental soundness. Like all true virtues, it may be cultivated and developed.





The late Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain Emeritus

Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain Emeritus, is Dead

The Rev. Dr. John Dysart, of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263, the only Grand Chaplain Emeritus in the history of the Order, died in a private hospital in Flint on February 26. He had been in ill health for a number of years. Dr. Dysart was born August 28, 1865, in Springhill, Iowa. He was educated at Olathe College in Kansas, Wooster College in Ohio, Monmouth College in Illinois and the Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria. He was ordained by Bishop Henry Y. Saterlee in Washington, D. C., in 1902. For two years he was on the Staff of Bishop Saterlee at Washington. Dr. Dysart was Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Mayville, N. Y., for seven years, Assistant Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Olean, N. Y., one year, and Rector of St. John's in Dubuque, Ia., 12 years. He left in 1923 to become Rector of St. Paul's in Flint, where he remained seven years, and later was Rector of St. Paul's Church in Council Bluffs, Ia., for two years, being forced to resign on account of his health. He was also a Past Grand Chaplain of the Masonic Order in Iowa.

Dr. Dysart was Grand Chaplain of the Order of Elks for more than 25 years, being first appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener in 1907. The title of Grand Chaplain Emeritus was bestowed upon him in 1935. The Order was represented at the funeral services by Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Mas-

ters, Grand Secretary, of Chicago; Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch, of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge; D.D. Joseph M. Leonard, of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, and Adam Zillig representing Dubuque, Ia., Lodge. The services were held in the Algoe-Gundry Chapel in Flint which was filled with Dr. Dysart's friends. The Episcopal Funeral Service was conducted by the Rt. Rev. Herman Page, Bishop of the Michigan Episcopal Diocese, and the Rev. Lane W. Barton who succeeded Dr. Dysart at St. Paul's. The eulogy was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Ralph D. Kearns, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, a friend of many years. Cremation took place at the White Chapel in Birmingham, Ala.

Dr. Dysart is survived by a cousin, Mrs. J. W. Griffin of St. Petersburg, Fla. To her and to Dr. Dysart's many friends and his associates in the church, *The Elks Magazine* conveys the sincere sympathy of the Order which has itself sustained an inestimable loss in the death of its Grand Chaplain Emeritus.

J. Edgar Masters Again Presented for Grand Secretary

The candidacy of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters for reelection at the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Denver, Colo., this coming July, has been endorsed by Charleroi,

UNDER THE *Antlers*

News of Subordinate
Lodges Throughout
the Order



E.R. L. C. Leedom, of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, presents the Model Boat Trophy to the winner of the Tenth Annual Long Beach Model Boat Races

Pa., Lodge, No. 494. Mr. Masters became a member of the Order in 1903, and took an active part in Lodge activities from the beginning. In 1908 he was elected Exalted Ruler of Charleroi Lodge. He was a Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1909. In 1911-12 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, three years later becoming a member of the Board of Grand Trustees. He was Chairman of the Board for three years of his term. In 1920-21 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

In 1922 Mr. Masters was elected to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. From that year, when he was a member ex-officio, until 1927, he served as a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. He was elected Grand Secretary in 1927. Mr. Masters has been unanimously reelected to that office at each subsequent Grand Lodge Convention. (Continued on page 29)



**THIS IS THE STORY OF AN ELK
WHO MADE A LIFE-LONG DREAM COME TRUE**



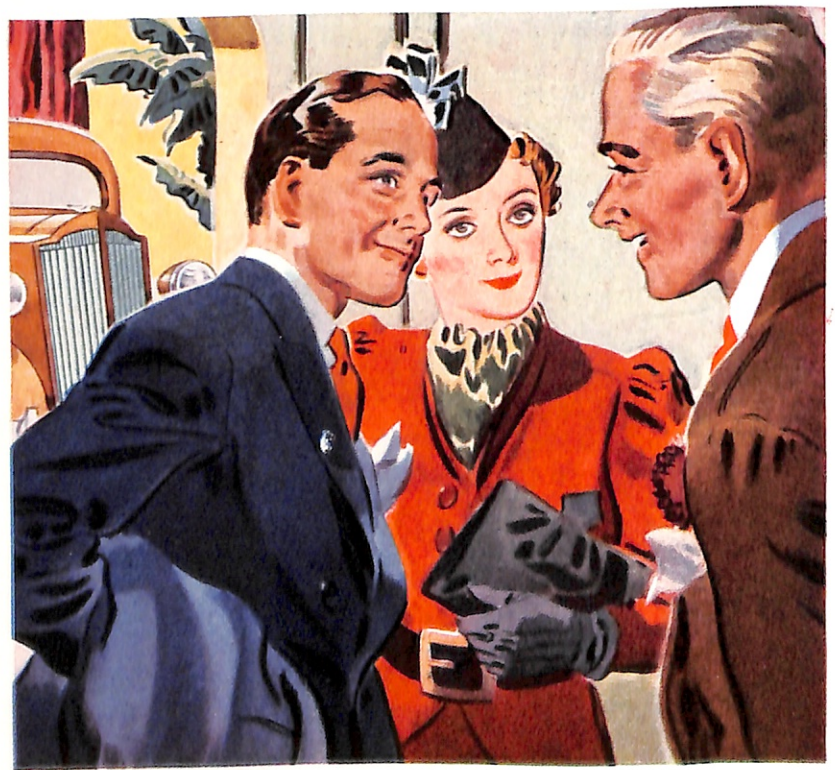
1. It was back in the days when the motor car was young that the dream took shape in my mind. I promised myself that when I grew up and had made my mark in the world, I, too, would ride around in a Packard.



2. As the years went on, I never forgot that early resolve. I did well enough in life, but my obligations seemed to mount with my income. So I tried to put Packard out of my mind and be content with lesser cars.



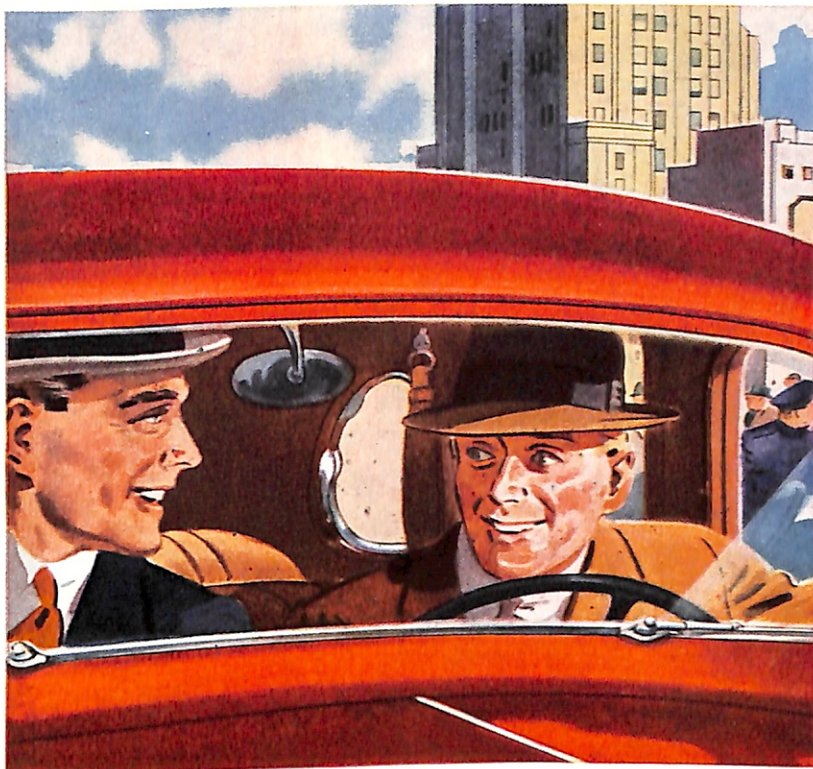
5. "The small car I used to drive more than covered the down payment on this Packard. I've never driven a car that cost less to run. And my monthly payments are only a little more than \$30 a month."



6. Well, that drive home with Tom certainly opened my eyes. Shortly after I went to a Packard showroom, drove a Packard, and got the thrill of my life! And they showed me actual figures which proved that the Packard Six, for example, costs little more to own and operate than the cheapest car you can buy.



3. Oddly enough, one of my employees helped me to realize my dream. He offered to run me home, and I could hardly believe my eyes when he drove up in a Packard.



4. "Tom," I said, "you must be a better manager than I am. I've never felt I could afford a Packard."

"I don't see how you can say that, Mr. Ryan," he replied. "Why, this Packard Six is a cinch to own."



7. So today, I own my Packard. I'm as proud as a schoolboy with his first long trousers. And I've proved the truth of the old statement, "You are paying for a Packard—why not own one?"

And remember.... every Packard has two lives

ONE OF THE MOST vital points to remember about the new Packard is that it has not *one* life, but *two*.

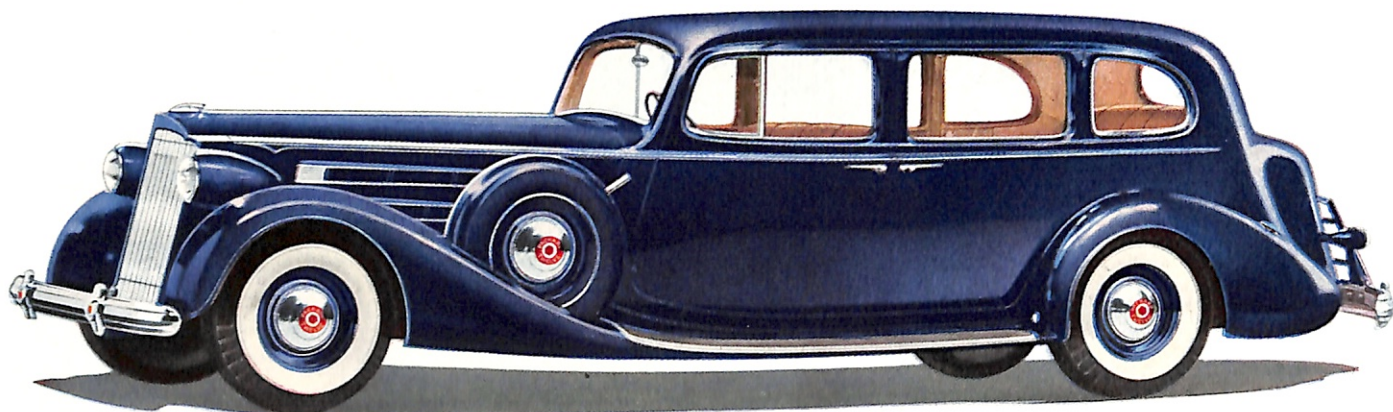
First, long mechanical life. You can keep your Packard for years and it will still deliver new car performance. It will still have ready acceleration, velvet-smooth braking, and delightful ease of control. The car is *built* to stay new — built to stay out of the shop.

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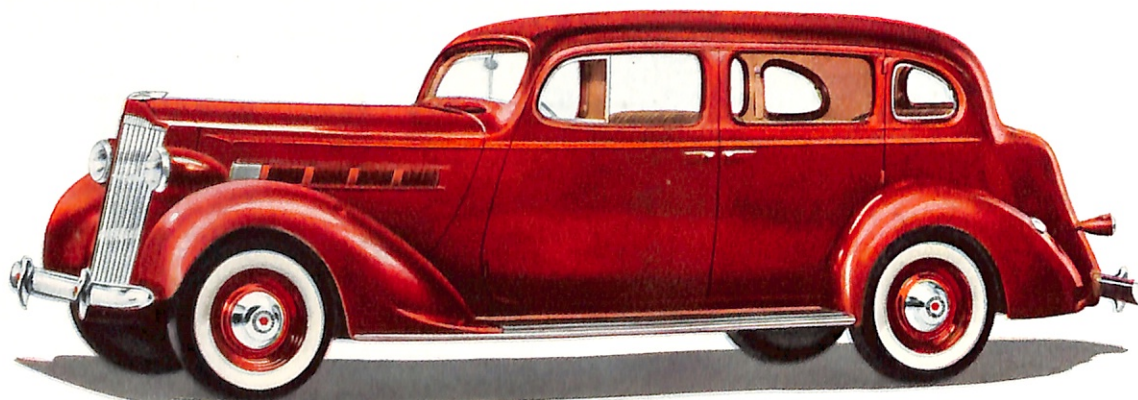
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PACKARD OFFERS A *COMPLETE LINE* OF FOUR FINE CARS

THE PACKARD TWELVE . . . THE SUPER EIGHT . . . THE ONE TWENTY . . . THE SIX



Shown above is the Packard Twelve Touring Sedan for seven passengers



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Don't guess about the cost of Packard ownership! Find out!

"You are paying for a Packard
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PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH., Dept. EM

My present car is a _____ (make) _____ (year) _____ (model)

Of your four cars, my choice would be a Packard Twelve () Packard Super
Eight () Packard 120 () Packard Six () (check one).

How much would you allow me on my present car toward the purchase of the
Packard checked above?

Assuming that I prefer to buy my Packard out of income what, then, would be
the required cash down payment, if any?

How much would my monthly payments be?

Name _____

Address _____

**Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Presents
Edward J. McCormick for
Grand Treasurer**

Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick will be presented by Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, for reelection to his present office at the 73rd Grand Lodge Reunion at Denver. Initiated on August 7, 1913, Dr. McCormick took immediate interest in Lodge affairs. He became Esteemed Loyal Knight of Toledo Lodge in 1925, Esteemed Leading Knight in 1926, and Exalted Ruler in 1927. He served the Northwestern District of Ohio as District Deputy in 1929. After that there was never a year that he did not hold some important Grand Lodge office. In 1931 he became Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and was a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee in 1932-33-34. He was then appointed Grand Esquire, serving in that capacity at the

ber of Aberdeen Lodge when that Lodge was instituted. He served as Esteemed Loyal Knight, Esteemed Leading Knight, and Exalted Ruler for a term of two years, and was a Trustee of Aberdeen Lodge for six years. He is also a Past District Deputy. At the Grand Lodge Convention held in Rochester, N. Y., in 1913, he served on the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee.

Mr. Zietlow's activities in the work of the South Dakota State Elks Association were soon recognized by election to important offices. In a few years he became State President and then a Trustee of the Association, in which capacity he served six years. For two years—1934 and 1935—he was State Chairman of the Association's Committee on Lapsation and New Members.

Mr. Zietlow was elected Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight at the

Grand Lodge Convention in Columbus, Ohio, in 1935. He holds voluntary membership No. 4, Elks National Foundation, and has served as a member of the Advisory Committee of the Foundation. From the time of his initiation he has labored diligently and effectively for the good of the Order.

**Memorial to Past Grand Exalted
Ruler Rupp Dedicated at Allentown,
Pa., Lodge**

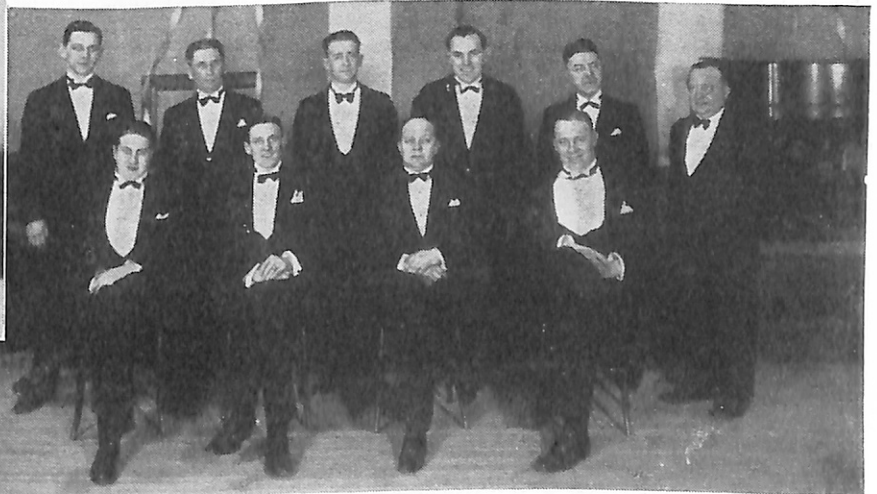
Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, was the principal speaker on February 9 at ceremonies in the Home of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, dedicating a memorial altar honoring the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp. Mr. Rupp was a Past Exalted Ruler of Allentown Lodge. Almost a thousand men and women were present including the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lodge. The Pennsylvania State Elks Association was represented by Past State Presidents S. Clem Reichard, Harry I. Koch, Howard Davis, Daniel J. Miller and Louis N. Goldsmith, and Treas. Henry A. Sholm. E.R. Theodore R. Gardner introduced the speakers.

(Continued on page 34)



Left: Governor R. C. Stanford, of Arizona, purchases from Mrs. E. J. Brennan the first ticket for the Arizona Elks' Hospital Benefit Dance given by the Ladies' Committee of Phoenix Lodge

Below: Officers of Biddeford-Saco, Me., Lodge, winners of the Maine State Ritualistic Championship



Columbus Grand Lodge Convention in 1935. The death of W. C. Robertson, immediately after he had been elected to the office of Grand Treasurer, occurred in Columbus during the Convention, and Dr. McCormick was unanimously elected to succeed him. He has performed the duties of that office so successfully that Toledo Lodge will present Dr. McCormick's name to the Grand Lodge this summer with his record as his best recommendation.

**Aberdeen, S. Dak., Lodge Presents
J. Ford Zietlow for Grand Trustee**

Aberdeen, S. Dak., Lodge, No. 1046, has announced that it will present the name of Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Ford Zietlow, Past Exalted Ruler of Aberdeen Lodge, for election to membership on the Board of Grand Trustees at the 1937 Grand Lodge Convention in Denver. Mr. Zietlow was initiated into Watertown, S. Dak., Lodge, No. 838, on January 4, 1907. In April of that year he dimitted and became a Charter Mem-



A class of candidates recently initiated into Florence, Colo., Lodge, pictured with the Florence Lodge Officers who initiated them

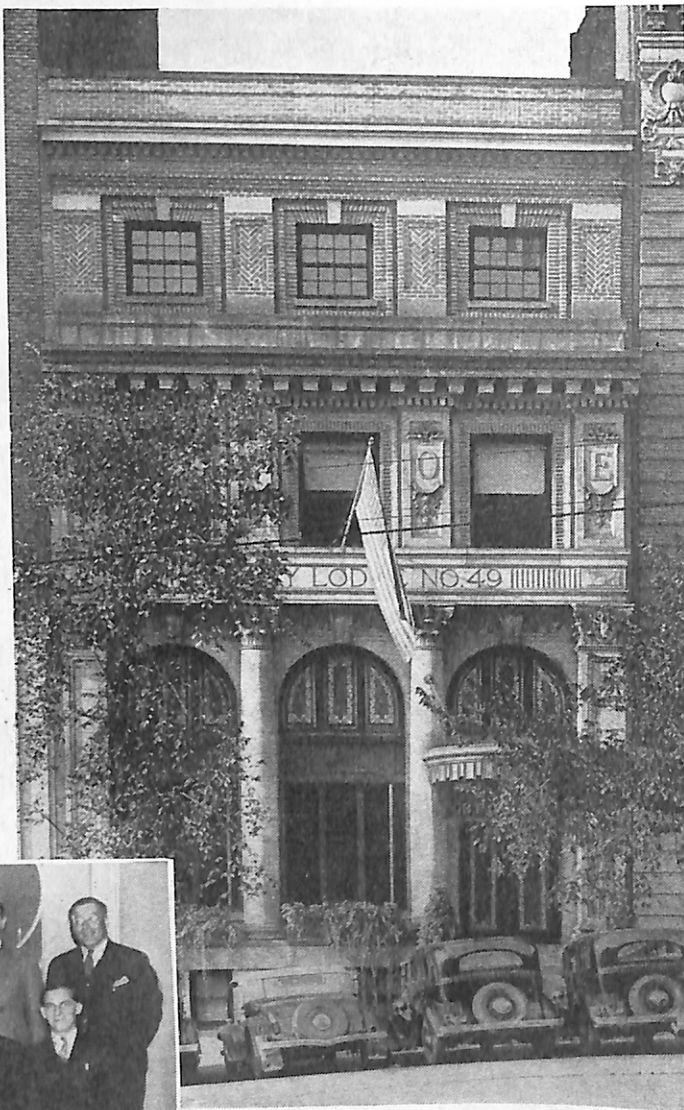
This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Inaugurates Silver Jubilee Celebration with Dinner

With high ranking State and National officials of the Order among the 500 guests present, Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, inaugurated a series of events celebrating its 25th Anniversary with a Silver Jubilee dinner and entertainment in the grill room of the Lodge Home. Every Lodge in the metropolitan district was represented, with large delegations coming from Hempstead, Lynbrook, Glen Cove and Queens Borough Lodges. P.E.R. Peter Stephen Beck, P.D.D., Chairman of the Anniversary Celebration Committee, opened the program. E.R. H. Alfred Vollmer welcomed the guests. P.E.R. George Morton Levy was Toastmaster, and Mayor Robert E. Patterson and Presiding Supervisor A. Holly Patterson made welcoming speeches.

Right: The handsome Home of Albany, N. Y., Lodge as it appears today

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler's Class which was initiated into Portland, Me., Lodge, recently. One hundred visitors from neighboring Lodges attended



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The Eleven o'clock Toast, broadcast over Station WMCA, was given by P.D.D. Lester G. Brimmer, of Queens Borough Lodge. Brief addresses congratulating Freeport Lodge on its anniversary and its achievements were made by Charles Spencer Hart, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; State Vice-Pres. Dominick Guando, of Hempstead Lodge, and Senator William Gleason, of Brockton, Mass.

The facade of the Home was almost hidden by bunting, and the main floor was decorated with silver and purple. The Committee Chairmen in charge of arrangements were P.E.R. Worden E. Winne, Reception; P.E.R. Joseph P. Glynn, Relations with other Lodges; P.E.R. William J. Murphy, Banquet and Reservations; James E. Stiles, Publicity, and Harry Apeler, Advertising.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge Holds Special Initiation

On Sunday afternoon, January 31, Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, initiated a fine class of candidates, among whom were Senator Thomas E. Kilgallon, and the famous local radio announcer known as the "Globe Trotter and Town Talker," Attorney Louis Kauffman. Present on the rostrum were such distinguished visitors as D.D. Leonard M. Lippert, several Past State Presidents, and Judges of the Allegheny County Courts. The Lodge room was filled with local and visiting Elks of the Pennsylvania Southwest District.

A venison steak dinner was served from 4:30 to 6:30 P.M. The large deer was presented to the Lodge by C. B. Kissinger, of Georgetown, Ky., upon his return from a recent hunting trip. A beautiful cocktail set, presented to the Lodge by Julius

Cohen, a member, was raffled off, and the proceeds were turned over to the Red Cross for the benefit of flood sufferers.

Many remained in the Lodge Home after the raffle and dinner to be joined later in the evening by their ladies for the usual Sunday evening dancing and show.

Past State Pres. Frank J. Lyons, of Warren, Pa., Lodge, Dies

News of the unexpected death, on February 1, of P.E.R. Frank J. Lyons, of Warren, Pa., Lodge, No. 223, was received with expressions of sorrow by the members of the Lodge and by Elks throughout the State. Mr. Lyons was a Past District Deputy and Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and one of the most popular as well as prominent Elks in the Northwest District. He had been ill for two weeks, but at no time had his condition been considered serious.

Mr. Lyons was a well known attorney and had served in public office as District Attorney and Burgess. He was regarded as one of Warren's most useful and dependable public servants. His funeral at St. Joseph's Church was one of the

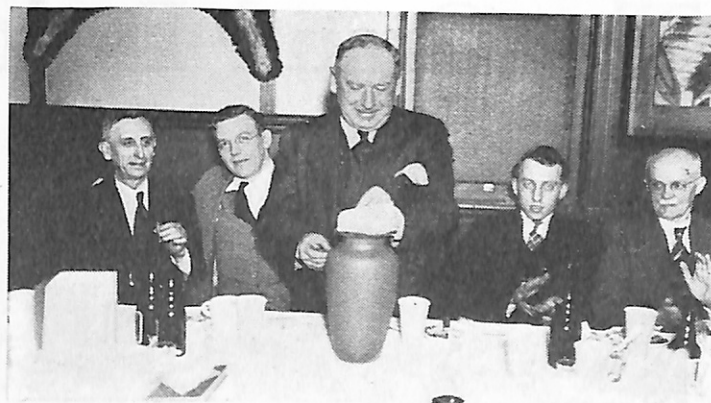
largest ever held in the city, and was attended by scores of members of the Order. The State Association was represented by most of its officers. Past Presidents Max L. Lindheimer, Howard R. Davis and John F. Nugent, P.D.D.s Larry D. Gent, John F. Lyons and Howard Ellis, and officers of Warren Lodge were among those present. Mr. Lyons was a member of the State and County Bar Association and of the Knights of Columbus, both of which organizations were represented at the funeral. Interment was in St. Joseph's Cemetery, with past and present officers of the State Elks Association in charge. Father J. H. Diamond, of Warren Lodge, who was celebrant of the Solemn Requiem High Mass at the Church, acted as Chaplain.

A Memorial Service was held in tribute to Mr. Lyons on February 14 at the meeting of the Elks Northwest District Association at Franklin. Mr. Lyons was 56 years old. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Bertha E. Lyons, his mother and two brothers.

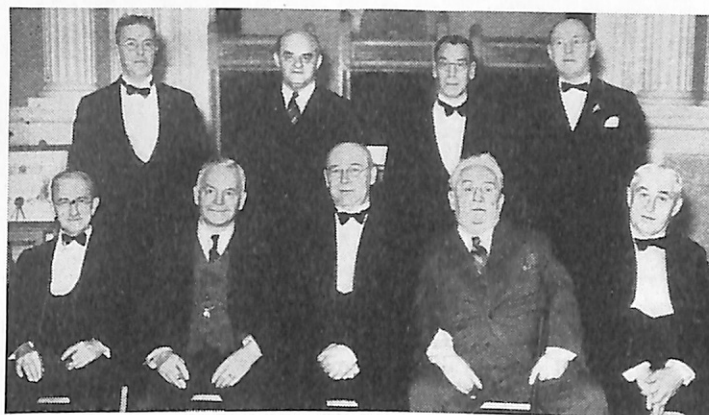
Record Crowd at Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge for Class Initiation

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, held its "Grand Exalted Ruler's Anniversary Class" initiation on

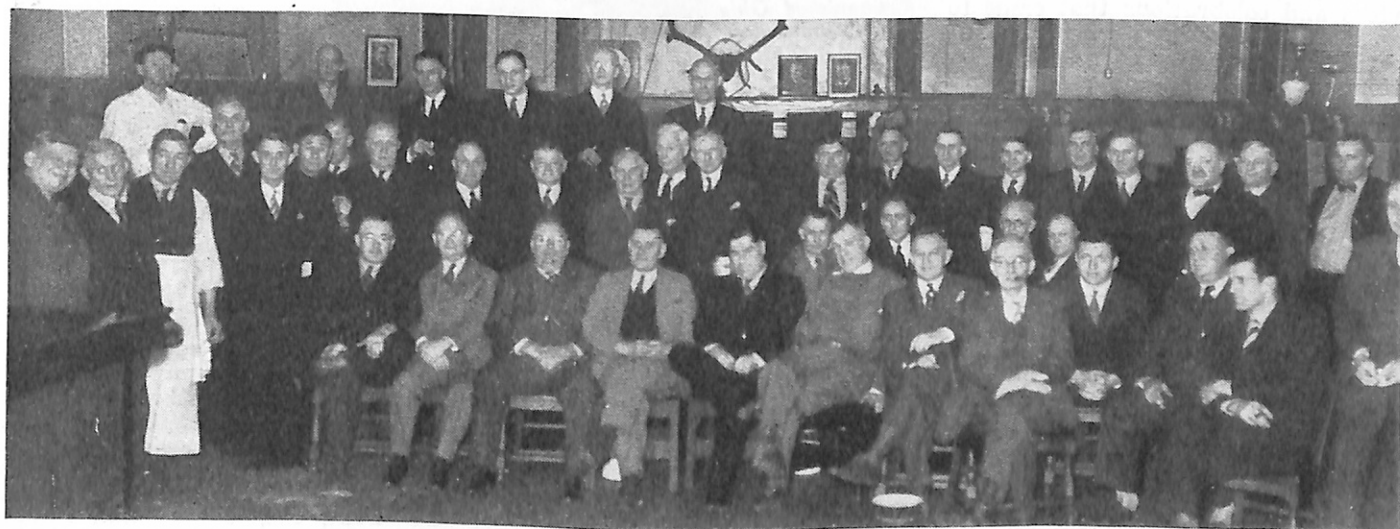
Right: Moses E. Blair applying a match to the mortgage on the Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge Home at a dinner given to celebrate the event. The Lodge has already \$3,000 set aside for a general improvement program for its property



Right: P.E.R.'s of New London, Conn., Lodge who occupied the Chairs of the Lodge on P.E.R.'s Night recently



Below: Some of the 150 members of Uniontown, Pa., Lodge who attended a large dinner recently



Tuesday evening, February 16, in the presence of 1,200 members of the Order. Fifty new members were admitted into the Lodge. There were two reinstatements. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, was the guest speaker. Upon the completion of the impressive initiatory ceremonies, he delivered a stirring and eloquent speech, stressing the charitable, fraternal and patriotic activities of the Order.

During the evening Gov. Tener was greeted by Mickey Walsh, an Elk for 51 years and an Honorary Life Member of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, who was present to witness the initiation of his grandson, Joseph C. Weiss. Mr. Walsh was the famous National League pitcher of the pennant-winning Giants 46 years ago. At the Queens

Borough meeting, he had the opportunity of greeting the also famous pitcher of the Chicago Club who opposed him in the series—none other than Gov. Tener himself.

Both Gov. Tener and Mr. Walsh spoke on the activities of the early days of baseball, and every one present voted it one of the most interesting evenings of the year.

District Initiation, New York, East Central, Held at Newburgh Lodge Home

In accordance with a plan to hold "District Initiations" proposed early in the year by State Pres. Leo W. Roohan of Saratoga Lodge, 74 candidates for membership in Lodges of the New York East Central District were initiated recently in the Home of Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge No. 247. D.D. Myron C. Alting, of

Port Jervis Lodge, presided. The Chairs were occupied by Exalted Rulers of New York East Central District Lodges.

In his address Mr. Alting spoke of the plaque he was presenting to the Lodge having the largest number of candidates present at that night's meeting in proportion to its membership roll. The final figures gave the plaque to Port Jervis Lodge, No. 645. Mr. Alting also drew attention to the fact that Newburgh Lodge's class of 36 initiates was dedicated doubly to the Grand Exalted Ruler and to the late P.D.D. Henry Kohl. Others who spoke were Philip Clancy, of Niagara Falls Lodge, Secy. of the New York State Elks Assn.; State Pres. Roohan; State Vice-Pres. Arthur Johnston, of Haverstraw Lodge, and the Exalted Rulers who officiated.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



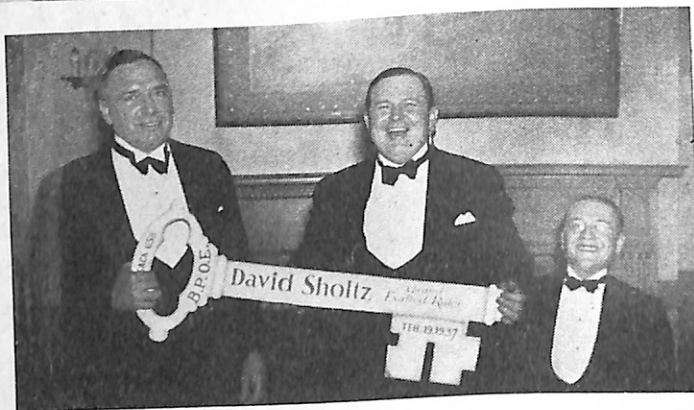
The arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz in Hagerstown, Md., on Tuesday, January 19, was the signal for the opening of services and celebrations that came to an end one week later with the dedication of the newly completed addition to the Home of Hagerstown Lodge, No. 378. A party of local Elks, led by P.E.R. E. Leister Mobley, State Trustee, had met Gov. Sholtz in Washington and escorted him to Hagerstown. A dinner in his honor at 6 P. M. at the Hotel Alexander was attended by about 100 members of the Order.

The Lodge session opened promptly at eight o'clock. A class of 39 candidates was initiated by the officers at the meeting presided over by E.R. J. Morris Guider, Past Pres. of the Md., Del. and D. C. Elks Assn. The handsome new Lodge room, 37 by 100 feet, was filled to capacity. The Grand Exalted Ruler's speech made a deep impression on the more than 300 local and visiting Elks who attended. After the meeting one of the Lodge's famous buffet lunches was served and an informal reception was held during which Gov. Sholtz met every Elk present.

Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz was met at the Terminal Station in Atlanta, Ga., on January 28 at 7:55 A. M. by a crowd of Atlanta, Athens and Decatur, Ga., Elks. He breakfasted with Grand Trustee John S. McClelland, Charles G. Bruce, D. D. for Ga., North, and P.D.D.'s J. Bush and J. O. Perry, Jr. At 10:30 a motorcade left for Decatur Lodge, No. 1602, instituted only last year. The party was met at the State line by E.R. S. L. Threadgill and Jake Hall, Sheriff of De Kalb County, and escorted to the Lodge Home where Gov. Sholtz addressed the Decatur Elks and enjoyed coffee and sand-

Above: Mr. Sholtz and many Grand Lodge officers and distinguished Ohio Elks attend Toledo Lodge's Golden Jubilee

Right: Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz received the key to Hackensack, N. J., when he visited Hackensack Lodge



wiches with them before returning to Atlanta.

At 12:30 the Grand Exalted Ruler was given a surprise luncheon at the Fulton County Tower which houses the jail, by the Board of County Commissioners, all of whom are Elks. He was introduced by Grand Trustee McClelland. After his speech short talks were made by J. A. Ragsdale, Chairman, and Dr. C. R. Adams and George F. Longino, Jr., of the Commission. Among those attending were E.R. Frank M. Robertson of Atlanta Lodge, George B. Hamilton, Treasurer of the State of Georgia, Frank R. Fling, Secretary to the Commission, J. L. Gillis, a member of the State Highway Board, Mr. Threadgill, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Bush and Mr. Hall. At 3 P. M. Gov. Sholtz was the principal speaker at a meeting of hotel men from all sections of Georgia and the South at the Hotel Henry Grady.

The House Committee of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, headed by Chairman Phil H. Crowder, gave a banquet in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor at the Lodge Home at 8 o'clock, after which Gov. Sholtz made his official visit to the Lodge. Delegations from

many Georgia Lodges came especially to hear his speech. Among the visiting Elks present besides those heretofore mentioned were the Hon. E. D. Rivers, Governor of Georgia, who was escorted by Aaron Cohen, a life member of Athens Lodge, E.R. Thomas L. Moss, Jr., of Columbus, Ga., Lodge, and P.E.R. Samuel Scott, of Lowell, Mass., Lodge. A delegation from Elberton, Ga., through their Chairman, Joseph Allen, presented a petition to the Grand Exalted Ruler for a dispensation for a new Lodge in Elberton. The meeting was followed by a buffet supper spread for all the members and visitors, and a reception.

More than 100 members of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge, No. 750, attended a dinner on February 1 at noon in the Lodge Home honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters when they stopped at the Lodge en route to Milwaukee, Wis. E.R. Bert A. Thompson presided at the dinner and extended the welcome of the Lodge to the distinguished visitors. City Manager H. C. Laughlin presented the greetings of the city. Gov. Sholtz's address while brief was a splendid one, and

has done much to increase the influence of the Lodge in the betterment of the community. A large delegation from Kenosha Lodge, including all the officers, went to Milwaukee for the evening meeting.

On that evening, in the Home of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the banquet and initiation ceremonies held as a memorial to the late Chauncey Yockey who for 17 years was the Lodge's Exalted Ruler. The class of 58 candidates included a nephew of Mr. Yockey, Edward Yockey, Jr., who is a law student at Marquette University, Police Chief Joseph T. Kluchsky and Police Inspector Hugo Schranz. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Grand Secretary Masters, E.R. Thomas F. Millane, of Milwaukee Lodge, P.E.R.'s Howard T. Ott and Julius P. Heil, Oscar Greenwald, and many leaders of the Order in the State of Wisconsin were among the 500 Elks at the banquet and meeting. A majority of the Lodges of

him to the Home of Champaign Lodge, No. 398, where he took part in business meetings during the afternoon held in connection with the Midwinter Meeting of the Ill. State Elks Assn. Together with Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge; Floyd E. Thompson, of Mo-



Above: The key to Toledo, Ohio, was presented by Vice-Mayor John Q. Carey at a reception honoring Mr. Sholtz



Left, Mr. Sholtz and Grand Trustee John S. McClelland at luncheon in Atlanta, Ga., when the former Governor visited Atlanta Lodge



Above: Enjoying dinner at Champaign, Ill., Lodge are: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell; State President J. Paul Kuhn; A. C. Willard, President of the University of Illinois; Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz; Bert S. Walker, E.R. of Champaign Lodge, and Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner

the State were represented by delegations. The nature and character of Gov. Sholtz's address did much to stimulate interest among those present in the patriotic and fraternal life of their individual Lodges.

A special delegation of Illinois Elks met the Grand Exalted Ruler on Saturday, Feb. 6, and escorted

line, Ill., Lodge, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Chicago, he remained in Champaign for the Sunday business meetings, and enjoyed the social affairs that took place on both days.

A 6 o'clock dinner was held on Saturday for the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Exalted Rulers of the State. Gov. Sholtz delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast at the Grand Exalted Ruler's Ball that night, and was an honored guest at the Family Dinner served at noon on Sunday in the gymnasium of the Junior High School. His speech was broadcast over Station WDWS together with those delivered by Grand Lodge officers and prominent members of the State Association and of Champaign Lodge. This was Gov. Sholtz's first visit to the Lodge, and his presence during its "Annual Roundup," inaugurated last year when the State Association held its midwinter meeting there, was extremely gratifying to the membership.

The gayest of the pre-Lenten parties given by Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, was the formal dinner-dance held in the New Secor Hotel on February 9 in honor of Gov. Sholtz. The event opened the five-day celebration of the Lodge's Golden Jubilee. P.D.D. John C. Cochrane, Master of Ceremonies, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler, who was the sole speaker at the dinner. He confined most of his remarks to business of the Order. The ball room was filled with flower-decked tables, which were later cleared away for dancing. The "Golden Jubilee Ball" was the most lavish social event in local Elk history and was attended by several hundred members and their ladies. The Lodge's anniversary celebration continued through Saturday, Feb.

13, and featured the initiation of a large class of candidates, and several business sessions. On Wednesday 150 Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and officers from Lodges in northern Ohio and southern Michigan gathered for a conference with the Grand Exalted Ruler. On Thursday

(Continued on page 55)

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 29)

40th Anniversary of New London, Conn., Lodge: Mayor Cruise Dies

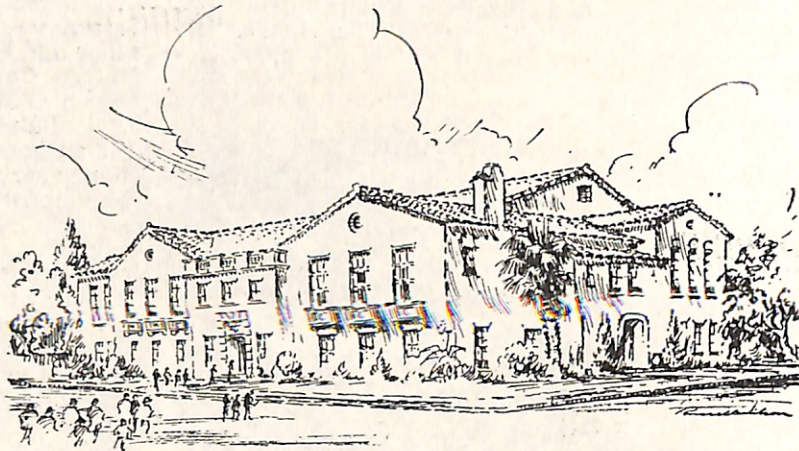
The 40th Anniversary of the founding of the Lodge and the 69th Anniversary of the founding of the Order were celebrated by New London, Conn., Lodge, No. 360, on February 16, with more than 400 members and visiting Elks present in the Lodge Home. The banquet was held at 8 P. M. E. R. Jacob Sherb presided as Toastmaster at the after-dinner program. Mayor Edwin Cruise, introduced as the first speaker, made a fine address. Among the other speakers were Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge, No. 1; Past Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, of Hartford, Conn., Lodge; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, of Danbury, Conn., Lodge; Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; D.D. Francis W. Hogan, of Torrington, Conn., Lodge; D.D. Henry L. McGuire, P.E.R. of New London, Conn., Lodge, and P.E.R. Harry C. Brogan, who delivered the Eleven o'clock Toast.

The pleasure of the occasion was turned into sorrow when Mayor Cruise, who had excused himself from the banquet hall, died of a heart attack. He had given no indication of not feeling well, and his death came as a severe shock. The elaborate entertainment, planned for the occasion, was called off, and the gathering soon dispersed, leaving the Home, which was to have been the scene of merrymaking, darkened and silent.

Mayor Cruise was born in Liskeard, Devonshire, England, June 7, 1872, and came to the United States when he was 18 years of age. He became a successful builder and contractor. He served in the World War, and was a Boy Scout enthusiast. Although not an Elk, Mr. Cruise was held in high esteem by the members of New London Lodge, a large number of whom attended his funeral.

Midwinter Meeting of N. D. State Elks Assn. at Bismarck

In the absence of Pres. L. B. Hanna, Vice-Pres. Sam Stern, of Fargo Lodge, presided at the mid-year meeting of the N. Dak. State



The handsome new Home of Merced, Calif., Lodge

Elks Assn. at Bismarck. A decision was made at the meeting to lend support to the work of the State Welfare Board in rehabilitating handicapped children in North Dakota. The Elks of the State have contributed \$10,000 yearly for the past 10 years to crippled children work. Mr. Stern made it clear that the Association will not decrease these activities but in addition to its cooperation with the Board, will handle such cases as are ineligible for Welfare Board help under State and Federal rule. Clinics were reported scheduled as follows: Williston, March 8, Dickinson, March 29, Mandan, April 12, and Devils Lake, April 26. Dates for six other clinics to be held in leading cities of the State were to be announced later.

The important announcement was made that the Annual Convention of the N. D. State Elks Assn. would be held at Jamestown on June 7-8. State officers attending the Bismarck meeting besides Mr. Stern were Secy. E. A. Reed Jamestown; Treas. Alex Rawitcher, Williston; Trustees A. C. Pagenkopf, Dickinson, and Frank V. Kent, Grand Forks. Judge J. D. Harris, of Dickinson Lodge, Chairman, and Judge I. C. Davies, of Bismarck Lodge, member of the State Elks Crippled Children's Committee, were present.

Lamar, Colo., Lodge Honors its Scout Troop with Banquet

Scout Troop No. 223, sponsored by Lamar, Colo., Lodge, No. 1319, was honored at a banquet and meeting recently at which a number of Scout officials were special guests of the Lodge. Eagle Scout Jimmy McMillin read an interesting paper entitled "What the Elks' Troop Has Done" and also expressed appreciation of the help, cooperation and support given by Lamar Lodge. Talks were made by Eagle Scouts Harry

Shade, Jack Kirkpatrick and Kenneth Nevins. P.E.R. John Alexander headed the Committee that planned the event. A regular Lodge session was held during the evening presided over by E.R. Orva Phelps.

The Elks' Troop was organized in November, 1931, with 12 members. Its present quota is 36. During the period 62 boys have "passed through" the Troop. One has received the Eagle Silver Palm award, two have received the Eagle Bronze Palm

award, and eight have been advanced to the Eagle rank, 11 to life, 20 to star and 41 to first class. The first Court of Honor was held in February, 1932, with 20 boys receiving ranks. In 1936, 20 of the boys organized the Explorer Scouts, the first organization of its kind in Colorado. Twenty overnight hikes have been made and 40 day hikes. The Troop has attended Camp Burch four times, and was instrumental in organizing the Boy Scouts at Wiley and Granada.

Gary, Ind., Lodge Honors Horace Mann High School Football Team

The Indiana State Championship Football Team of the Horace Mann High School in Gary was given a banquet on Jan. 13 by Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152. Thirty-one members of the team and coaches of the various High Schools in Gary, of which the Horace Mann is the largest, were honored guests. P.E.R. Frank J. McMichael, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, was Toastmaster. John E. Gilroy, Director of Physical Education, was the principal speaker. Coach Harry Kipke, of the University of Michigan, also spoke, paying a fine tribute to the local Lodge. William E. Wirt, Superintendent of the Gary Public Schools, and Walter E. Hadley, Superintendent of the Carnegie Illinois Steel Company, were present. Two hundred and ten men attended the banquet from Hammond, Gary, Whiting, East Chicago and Michigan City, Ind.

A testimonial from the Lodge to the players inscribed in white letters on a purple background was presented to the Horace Mann Team. It occupies a place of honor in the trophy cabinet of the High School.

(Continued on page 52)

Flames in the City

(Continued from page 11)

and you can gauge the degree of skill and courage that such a venture called forth. Not that I felt at the time of the war any sentiments of sympathy for the bombardment! Too close to me was the thought of wrecked homes, entombing mutilated women and babies, all quite defenseless against this pitiless use of one of Man's most wonderful inventions. It seems so one-sided—aerial warfare—when directed against unarmed civilians. It shocks the sporting instinct that we Anglo-Saxons like to believe is highly developed in us.

Let me tell of two incidents known to me, that will bring home to you what a Zeppelin raid can do to the individual. One night, a flight of several Zeppelins came over London; and this particular time, they had succeeded in escaping the vigilance of the authorities, so that we were unwarned of their approach. As there was a wind blowing, they took such position that they could stop their engines and drift silently over the city.

A friend of mine was walking with a companion down one of the main streets, Holborn. Suddenly a bomb, with no preliminary warning, dropped about one hundred yards in front of them, with tremendous report. When my friend became conscious of his surroundings, he found himself on the platform of one of the underground railway stations. He did not remember how he got there. His companion assured him he had run there—a distance of about an eighth of a mile—and that it had been impossible to keep up with him.

That frenzied flight, though, was to him a blank. His body functioned automatically, but his mind had gone to sleep. Thereafter, for many months, the shock had been so great with its element of surprise that my friend was a shaking, neurotic man, whereas before its occurrence he had been calm and deliberate.

I had another friend whose wife was desperately afraid of these raids. Their house in the south of London had been flown over so often by the enemy that her nerves had gone to pieces. He knew that if he did not do something, she would become unhinged mentally; but he was not wealthy and his work necessitated his presence each day in the city. Moreover, she refused to go out into the country alone, in her neurotic condition. At the end of his wits, he finally promised they should take a house somewhere outside London, even if it meant a long rail journey for him each day and added expense that he could ill afford. So he rented a house on a farm at a place called Potter's Bar, north of the city.

Now, at last, he thought, his wife would lose her dread. Wide open fields, a sparsely inhabited region, there was no fear of Zeppelins dropping bombs out there, for there was nothing worthwhile. He hoped, then, that his solution of the difficulties was a happy one. But Fate willed otherwise.

About one week after they were settled in this country place, there was another raid. The defending airplanes chased the German north,



caught up with it and brought it down at Potter's Bar, in a field about three hundred feet from my friend's new home. The Zeppelin fell in flames, some of the crew diving overboard—shrieking—as they fell, to escape cremation; and the whole fabric, after it landed, lighted up the countryside for miles, all in the sight of the agonized woman. The next day, an ambulance took her to a sanitarium, completely out of her mind.

At one time the Germans decided to make a really grand raid on London. Hitherto the attacks had been by one or two machines; and it was thought if a large number should carry out the work, the damage done would be proportionately great and the morale of the British so shaken in consequence that their conduct of the war would be affected.

So, one dark Saturday night, a flight of eleven machines set out from the base in Flanders, to give the Islanders a full dose of the bad medicine. The departure was noted as usual and communicated to the British headquarters for air defense, and all was in readiness to give a warm reception. At this time, the defense had been much strengthened, both with airplanes and guns; but

a further item unknown to the Germans was the perfection of a certain type of incendiary bullet. It had only to perforate the gas bags of the airships to set them afire, for it became incandescent in an atmosphere of hydrogen, with which they were distended.

That night, we had a glimpse of Inferno! The firing of the cannon was the most intensive ever experienced. They set up a wall of shrapnel around the city, through which the Germans tried time and again to penetrate. Dozens of airplanes drove them to altitudes such that their aim for bomb-dropping was more defective than usual. The battle went on for hours, with the airships returning again and again to the attack, first from one direction and then from another; and although a few ships had pierced the wall of bursting shrapnel and dropped their eggs on the houses below, the greater part of them dared not attempt it. Reluctantly, then, they decided to retreat. But they had delayed too long. Daylight came before they could regain their bases; and the pursuing English planes were joined by the French, who got between the Germans and their hangars. This forced them to detour, and, no longer protected by darkness, they presented a much easier quarry to the planes. All that Sunday a mad hunt took place, the planes chasing them all over France—one, I believe, going nearly to the Mediterranean to escape. Several times, a well-directed incendiary bullet got home and that particular dirigible was finished. More would certainly have been destroyed were it not the object of the pursuers to bring them down intact; but no Zeppelin surrendered. Four in all were destroyed, and the rest arrived at their starting point with great difficulty.

This was about the last Zeppelin raid attempted against England. It was evidently realized that the defense had now become too strong, the percentage of casualties too high. Something else must be done, therefore, to strike terror to the non-combatant population of the British Isles. Thus, the phase of massed airplane raids commenced.

Now, whereas the Zeppelins had invariably attacked only during dark nights, the airplanes chose the moonlight ones. We Londoners began to look askance as the moon came closer to the full, for we knew the night-hawks would soon be upon us. Bright moonlight—traditionally associated with pleasant themes—was no longer welcome. It brought the thought of death, mutilation, agony to many.

And all this was really so futile! Granted that the raids kept a certain number of men from the front to

(Continued on page 47)

The West Wind

(Continued from page 7)

he drinks it or if he don't? Anyway, he'd ought to drink it. He's snooping. Can't you see that? But you—say, there's no man stood up to Lafe Rodgers these many years. Not since—well, never mind that. But you, as big as a two bit piece and as white as a girl, you done it. You little devil, it gives me a kick. Why you got guts, kid. And me, damned if I don't like you for it. Who are you, and how come you smell like the fish vats?"

Wong had placed three whiskies on the table, and padded away again, and while Lafe's attention was fixed on Alan the minister had got up and effaced himself so quietly that nobody except the blonde girl who took the money for his meal noticed his going. Alan struggled for the right words. So this was Lafe Rodgers, the man he was looking for. Lafe Rodgers who had been his father's partner, and who since his father's death ten years ago had sent thirty dollars monthly and regularly through the bank, accompanied always with the same note, "For the keep of Pete Scott's kid from his father's estate. Signed, Lafe Rodgers, Administrator." This was the man of whom Alan on his twenty-first birthday had come to demand restitution and accounting of an estate whose extent he had no knowledge of, but which he suspected had been unjustly drained until it had dwindled down to but little more than the purse seiner 'The West Wind'. But this seemed hardly the time or the place to call for such explanations, and having seen Lafe Rodgers for himself Alan now decided his business had best be done through a lawyer.

"But maybe you're drinking water, too," added Lafe mildly. He picked up two of the glasses of whiskey and balanced them on his hand.

"I'm drinking nothing," said Alan.

"Then here's down the hatch with all three. And while I'm doing that you get your name ready for me. I have a mind we'll travel together, you and me. You out of a job?"

"Yes," replied Alan.

"Then come along with me. I'm stepping out for a big night. I come in from the Oregon fishing today, and my roll ain't been tapped yet. Six weeks in the rough water, and never once in a town. I'm making up for it tonight. I'll be nicked good and plenty along the line. Not that I mind spending, but when I'm drunk, damned if they don't gyp me. What's the matter with you keeping my roll for me tonight, and checking up on what's fair and right to pay? There's a job for you. What's the matter with that?"

Alan hesitated at this naïve demonstration of trust. How could a scoundrel like Lafe Rodgers be so simple?

"Well," repeated the big man, "I'm waiting. What's the matter with that, I said."

"Nothing," answered Alan.

"Okay. Now how about the name?"

"Bob Brown."

"Bob Brown will do. Easy to remember. All set? Come along. We'll look in at The Knotty Palm first. And when you see a man whose face you don't like you up and tell him so. And I'll back you up. Let's go." He tossed the Chinaman a bill. "That pays for everything," he said. "The drinks, the kid's dinner, the chair. The arm I broke I don't have to pay for. He owed it to me." As carelessly as he had passed the bill to the Chinaman he now gave his bulging purse over to Alan. "That's for you to do the rest of the night," he grinned. "Okay, kid?"

"Okay," said Alan mechanically. He slipped the purse into his pants pocket.

Out on the street Alan looked for the truck driver. He was gone. The street was deserted. The bell buoy wailed dismally, and a sea was rising. Lafe Rodgers beat out into the wind with Alan at his heels. A tangle of dark unpaved street wet with sea fog and tainted with the odors of stale fish brought them onto a lighted thoroughfare, and they entered the Monterey night club known as "The Knotty Palm." There was an American bar there, and a space for dancing, and the tables were all occupied. Lafe lounged against the counter. A fine mist rose from his damp clothes. His salt bitten hand smoothed back the shocks of black hair from his forehead.

"There'll be a table in a minute," he said to Alan. "When the music starts up they'll begin dancing, and we'll grab the first empty table. And then whoever wants to get it back will have to fight for it." A man and a girl stepped out on the floor, and stood waiting. The musicians took the hint, and started playing.

"That table will do," said Lafe. He walked over to it and sat down, and Alan followed him. Two spirals of blue smoke rose from the stubs in the ash tray. The girl's glass was still half full of a yellow colored drink, and a little of it had spilled on the table. Lafe sniffed at the glass. "Gin," he said. "She's all right." His eyes followed the two dancers, and after a moment he said to Alan, "I like the way that girl dances. But I don't like the feller. See how he grins down at her. Now there's a face I'd like to smash. And damned if I don't." He walked out among the dancers.

Alan did not wait to see what happened. He had seen enough of Lafe Rodgers' ways for one night. He felt again in his pockets to assure himself that the purse was still there. It was. Then without another glance at either Lafe or the dancers he was interrupting, Alan walked out of The Knotty Palm.



He found the street he was on led directly back to the wharf. A quarter of an hour's walk brought him to Pablo's shop. A light still burned at the back, but the door was locked. Alan rapped several times before Pablo's cracked voice called out, "Go away. The shop's not open now."

"But I want to see you," cried Alan. "Let me in. I want to see you."

"You want to buy something?" shouted back the old man.

"Yes, yes," said Alan. "I want to buy something."

Pablo, with the uncertain jerks of the aged, came toward the door with a lighted candle in his hand. He fumbled at the lock, and opening the door a half inch, peered out.

"Oh, so it's you," he said. "You ain't looking for Lafe here, are you?"

"No."

"Did you find Lafe?"

"Yes, I found him."

"What do you want now?"

"I want to see you," said Alan. "Let me in."

"You want to buy something?" Pablo repeated.

"Yes, I want to buy some information."

"Sure," said Pablo, "come in."

He took Alan into the room at the back of the store. It had a sleeping cot in it, and a table with some cards spread out. Pablo had been playing solitaire. Alan seated himself on a roll of canvas against the wall.

"Now what do you want to know?" asked Pablo.

"I want to know the name of a good lawyer."

"Ah," said Pablo, "we have a good many lawyers here. Where there is an eight million dollar fishing profit there is always many good lawyers. That is funny information you want."

"Not that kind of a lawyer," explained Alan. "I couldn't pay a big lawyer." His hand again sought the bulging purse in his pocket. "I mean I wouldn't want to. But another—surely there must be someone who would take up a small piece of business for me."

"What do you want to know? Maybe I could tell you without a lawyer."

"I want to know what Lafe Rodgers did with his partner's money."

"You don't need no lawyer then. I can tell you that."

"Did you know his partner? He has been dead many years."

"Lafe had only one partner—Pete Scott."

"Yes," said Alan eagerly. "You knew Pete Scott?"

"Sure I knew Pete Scott. Wasn't nobody in town who didn't know him. And Pete Scott never had no money."

"The Pete Scott I'm speaking of had money."

"He was a deep sea diver?"

"Yes."

"And him and Lafe Rodgers worked together. Lafe Rodgers was tender for him. Pete Scott drank

hissself to death."

"No, he was drowned while diving."

"He was drowned because he was drunk. He come in here that morning and he had his airhose with him. It was a good hose, and he wanted money on it. And I says to him, 'Pete, you can have money on the hose because it's a good hose, but you know you can't dive without no hose, and how are you going to get it out again?' 'That's my business,' he says. And I says 'Pete, you better not leave your hose here. You better keep it. You can do without a drink, but yon can't do without a hose.' 'If you don't want to lend me money on it,' he says, 'someone else will.'"

So I let him have his way. He took the money and he must have got crazy with drink. For that afternoon he made a dive. And not having no hose what did he do but rig up a garden hose for his air. An old hose out of someone's garden. Of course it bust when he was down.

And that was the end of Pete. Nobody was held to blame. It was something he done himself. He'd got drunk once too often. No, Pete never had no money. The County buried him. Lafe took it hard at the time. He liked Pete. But Lafe had no money neither. It done Lafe good, though. It straightened him up considerable. He went into fishing, and he's doing fine now. He's bought himself a share on the 'West Wind,' and he's engineer on it."

"You mean he doesn't own the 'West Wind'?"

"There's seven of them—and he's one."

"Then why—if there wasn't any money—why—" Alan checked himself. He wanted to know why for ten years Lafe had been sending thirty dollars a month from a fictitious estate. Would Pablo know that, too? He doubted it.

"Why what?" prompted the old man.

Alan was silent. Pablo shuffled the cards, and wheezed a cough. "Is that all you wanted to know?" he asked.

"Yes," said Alan heavily, "If you are sure that what you have told me is all fact."

"It's all truth. It's all and more than a lawyer could have found out for you. And it won't cost you near so much."

Alan pulled out from his pocket the two dollars that Pablo had given him a few hours before, and placed them on the table beside the cards. "Is that enough?" he asked.

Pablo looked at the money, and then at Alan. "Didn't you have no dinner?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied Alan.

Still Pablo did not take up the money. "Compared to a lawyer two dollars is cheap," he said. "But now you answer me a question, and I'll give you one dollar back. Why do you want to know about Pete Scott?"

Ain't nobody spoke of him these many years."

"I'm Pete Scott's son."

"Ah," said the old man, "so he had a son. Then that's why you want to see Lafe Rodgers."

"Yes," said Alan again.

"What made you think Pete had money?"

"You are quite sure he didn't?"

"He never had no money, boy. He come here with a diving outfit, and it wore out piece by piece, and he let it wear out so as he could have his drink. I watched him go down day by day. And Lafe's got no money neither. And if he had you'd never get it from him. He'll kill you just for trying. He's killed more than one man, has Lafe, and for less than that. Where are you sleeping to-night?"

"Can I sleep here?" asked Alan. "If you would lend me a blanket I could curl up under the counter."

"Yes, I could do that. Your father's hose lay curled up there many a day before I sold it. Sure, you can sleep there. And tomorrow you go away."

Alan heard the foghorn all night. Its dreary blasts seemed like a requiem for the father he had never known. He thought of the diving gear wearing out piece by piece, and the airhose coiled up under the counter full of dust and spider webs. He thought of Lafe Rodgers at The Knotty Palm without his purse. And when he shook the spiders out of his blanket and folded it up in the morning he knew that however much he feared him he had to find Lafe Rodgers again. He had to know why Lafe Rodgers, who had broken a man's arm purposely and brutally across his knee, who had tried a despicable trick on an inoffensive minister, had been sending thirty dollars a month from an estate that did not exist.

The early morning sun had turned the bay into a shimmering sheet of splendor. The hills rose sharp and clean against a blue sky, and the black wharf was still wet from the previous night's fog. Alan turned hungrily into the first restaurant, full of the odors of fresh coffee and browning hot cakes, and ate a substantial breakfast. He learned there that Lafe Rodgers had passed down the wharf a half hour earlier, and had gone out to the 'West Wind.' Alan paid for his breakfast out of the dollar that Pablo had returned to him, and found that he still had enough to hire a skiff to take him to Lafe Rodgers' boat. So far he had not opened the purse entrusted to him.

What it contained he did not know. It was all in bills, and he knew it was a considerable sum of money. And Lafe Rodgers would use it to plaster the saloons and gambling houses of Monterey.

Disturbed by this thought Alan walked down the length of the wharf. The salmon and mackerel

boats were unloading their catches in heaps of silvered gasping fish, and the trucks from the San Francisco markets were beginning to arrive on the wharf with an ascending volume of noises. Alan grasped at the chance to delay the fateful meeting with Lafe Rodgers, and sat down to watch the loading of the trucks. Every now and then he felt for the purse in his pocket, and assured it was still there, he would look out at the 'West Wind.' It lay light as a gull on the water, rising and falling with the pulsations of the sea. But there was no sign of life on it. Lafe Rodgers was probably sleeping.

When the last truck was gone and the wharf was comparatively quiet again Alan approached a fisherman and asked to be taken out to the 'West Wind.' It cost him his remaining half dollar. He boarded Lafe Rodgers' boat, and stood by the rail while he watched the skiff pull away. He felt a little sick at the prospect of what lay before him. But he swallowed his fear. He could not run from Lafe Rodgers now. He walked over to the cabin, and stepped in. It smelt of tobacco and whiskey, and a beam of sunlight flickered over a seaman's small chest. Lafe Rodgers was lying on his berth, and he was wide awake.

"You're late," he said. His eyes smouldered like gray fires, but his voice was slow and casual.

"Yes," answered Alan.

"Sit down." Alan sat on the chest. The sunlight felt comforting on his hand.

"What did you do last night—run away?"

"Yes."

"That was a hell of a way to do. Why did you want to do that?"

"Well, I had your money. And I didn't want to see it spent that way."

"Where is it now?"

"Here." Alan pulled the purse out of his pocket and handed it over. Lafe felt its bulge, and then laid it on the table beside the pint of whiskey.

"Didn't you spend any of it?"

"No, I haven't opened it."

"You had the wrong idea about it."

I told you what to do with it. You understood me all right. But you ditched me. You're not a thief, and you're not a fool. You had a reason. I give you my purse to take care of for me, and you walked out on me. After the fight I look for you, but you was nowhere. And I says to myself, 'Lafe, this time you made a mistake.' But I never got my man wrong before, and I couldn't puzzle it out. It spoiled the night for me. I was going to show you a good time, and you walked out on me, and my money with you. And when all the night I should of been laughing I

was thinking now why did the damn kid do that? And why did you do it?"

"I'll have to tell you who I am first."

"Okay. Who are you?"

"I'm Pete Scott's son."

Lafe jumped to his feet, and grasping Alan by the shoulders stared into his face. "For the love of Mike!" he cried. "Yes, it's right. It's Pete's eyes. But not Pete's eyes. Pete's eyes was never sober eyes. But what the hell are you trailing me for? Ain't I done enough for you?"

"That's it," said Alan. "That's why I'm here. I was twenty-one yesterday. And today I want to know why for ten years you sent thirty dollars a month for me, and where it came from."

"Where it came from? That's a funny thing to ask. It come from me. And last night—last night I was out to celebrate. Didn't I know it was your twenty-first birthday? What else was I celebrating? Because last night I was set free. You was twenty-one and that was my out. And to think that of all people in the world it was you I palled up with! And like always you spoiled it for me."

He sat down again on the edge of his bunk, and reached for the whiskey flask. He did not offer Alan any, but took a long pull at it himself.

"I don't understand you," said Alan. "If I had a claim on you I want to know what it was."

"You had a claim on me all right . . . But it was of my own making. Your father and me worked together—you know that?"

"Did my father leave the money for me?" asked Alan eagerly.

"Skip it, kid, skip it. That thirty a month was my own heart's blood I was sending you. Don't think it was nothing. There was times when I went hungry to send you that. I was turned down by the one girl I wanted because the thirty was for you and not for her. So if I was out to celebrate last night because you was twenty-one, believe me I had reason for it."

"If you sent me thirty a month—" began Alan.

"If!" interrupted Lafe hotly. "There was no ifs about it, kid. I did send it, and I sent it regular."

"But why?" insisted Alan. "Can't you tell me why?"

"No, I don't know that I can. I never told nobody why—no one except the girl. And she laughed at me. If you laugh at me, by G— I'll kill you. It was because of that last dive Pete took. That was why. I was his tender. And we was both drunk. And when the hose busted I didn't know it. I didn't see the bubbles coming up and I thought they're probably coming up under the boat and that's why I don't see them, and I took another pull at the bottle. When I brought Pete up he was stiff as a board. That sobered me. I busted open his face plate, and his eyes rolled up. And they was dead eyes. Roll your eyes up, kid. More higher. Yes, them is Peter's eyes all right. Nobody held me to blame. Pete was dead, and I went scot free. There was something not right about it. I couldn't go scot free. It didn't make sense to me. So I set my own punishment. I knew Pete had a kid somewhere, and it made the way for me to square myself."

"And I set that load on me of thirty dollars a month. But only until you was twenty-one. Not for life, mind you. You was twenty-one yesterday. Now you can clear out. I'm shet of you. For them is dead eyes you have in your head, and I don't want to see them no more. So—well, get the hell out of here."

Lafe threw himself down again on his bunk. His boots were still on, his clothes crumpled, his face dark with a two days' beard. He clenched his fists and waited.

Alan stood up and turned his hands over in his empty pockets. He looked down into Lafe Rogers' scowling face.

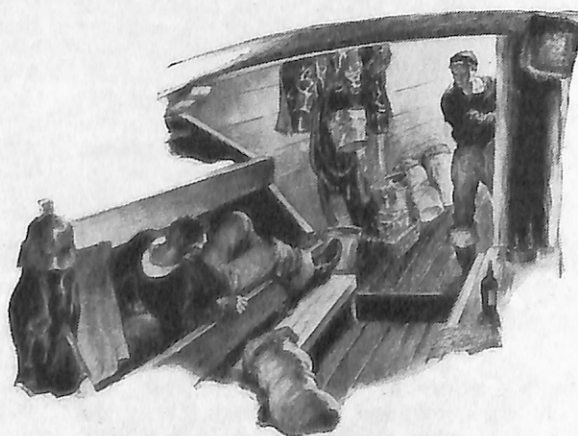
"I—I didn't know where the thirty came from," he stammered awkwardly, remembering the purpose of his trip to Monterey, "I—I thought—"

"Well, you know now, and you know, too, that there's no more coming. That's flat. And so far as my purse goes, yes, it was safe with you. I see that. You was Pete Scott's son. I must of knew inside of me who you was all the time. It just goes to prove I ain't never got my man wrong yet. And that's something. Now scram!"

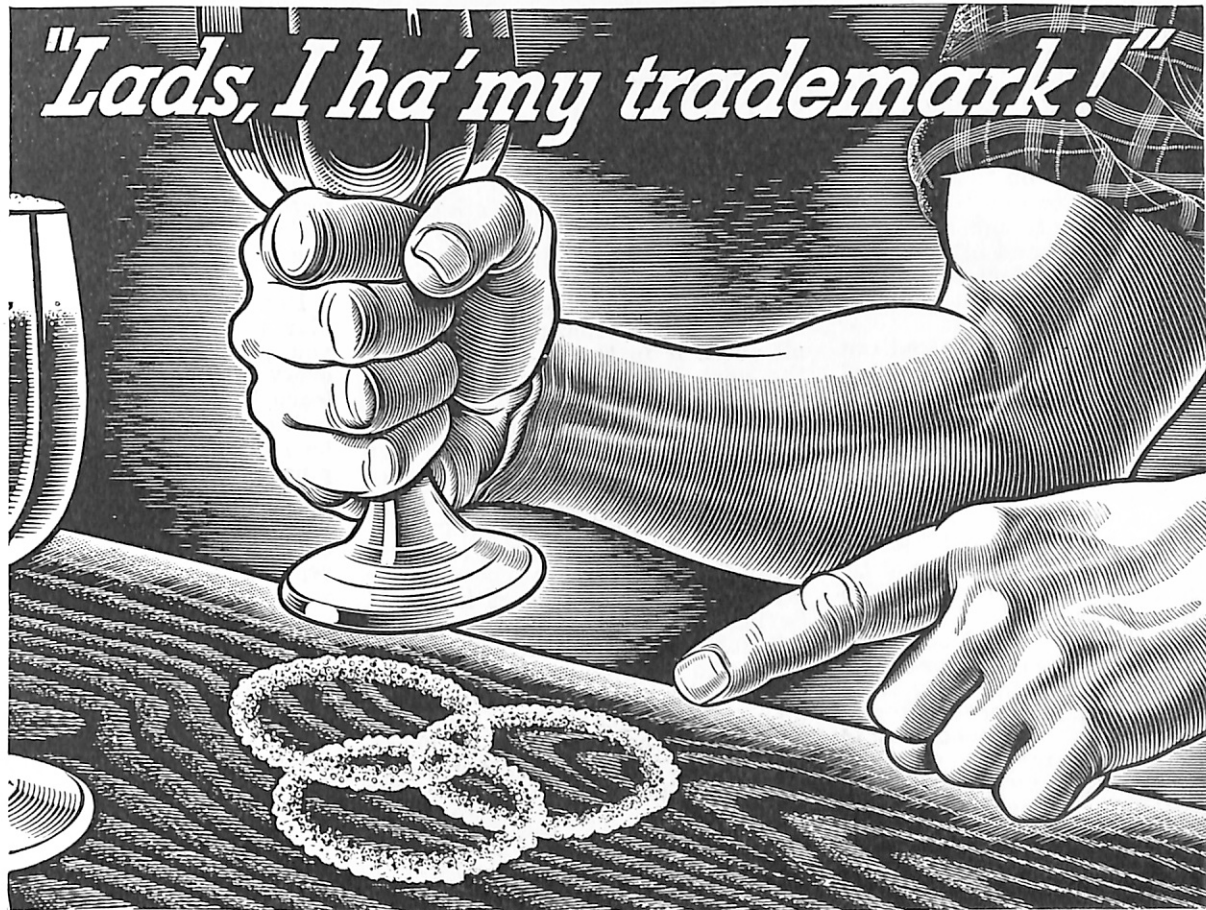
"Thirty dollars a month," said Alan slowly. "That was a pretty wonderful thing for you to do."

"It kept me out of the orphan asylum. It sent me to school. It enabled me

(Continued on page 51)



Peter Ballantine lifted his glass 3 times



TIME: 1840. Place, Peter Ballantine's brewery in Newark.


The founder and brewmaster himself had just completed his three-fold test of a keg of his ripened brew. He pursed his lips, and pronounced it "per-r-r-ect!"

Being a Scot, he trusted his taste beyond that of any man. "It ha' the PUR-R-R-ITY, it ha' the BODY, and it ha' the FLAVOR-R-R," was his verdict, and no judgment of the Court was ever more final.

On the scoured oak of the table, his eye chanced on three interlocking moisture rings left by the tumbler used in the tests—one dewy ring made each time he lifted the glass for a drink.

"Thr-r-ree tests—thr-r-ree rings—the sign of good brew," he mused, "standing for pur-r-r-ity, for body, for flavor-r-r. See the rings on the board, lads—I ha' my trademark! Ye'll put the rings of quality on every ale and beer keg."

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The Great Eye Am

(Continued from page 15)

go to bat and then the other side. But not many of the men could hit the ball very well. I guess they all had poor eyes.

But what I started to tell you was that when the ninth inning came along—that's the last inning of the game, although why they don't stop at an even number like ten I don't know—our team had a man on second base and a man on third and we were behind, two to one. Then the manager came up to me and said, "Elmer; go in there and hit that ball between those two fielders out there," and he pointed to the center fielder and the right fielder.

I picked up a bat and walked out and a great big loud speaker boomed out, "Attention, please." So I stopped. "Peters, batting for Hardy. Peters, batting for Hardy." Believe me, Mary, I certainly blushed. Introducing me like that to thousands of people.

Well, I got up there and hit the ball where the manager told me to, and both those other men on the bases ran home while the fielder was chasing the ball I hit. You never heard so much noise in your life. Everybody in the stands rose to their feet and yelled and screamed and it was deafening. Somebody said that was because my hit won the game, but I didn't know they took it so seriously. Such a roar!

But the funny thing was, all the rest of our team acted like I'd done something wonderful. They slapped me on the back and shook hands with me and were all feeling pretty good because we'd beat the St. Louis team and that put us in first place instead of them, a half game ahead of them. Don't ask me how they counted it only a half a game, because I don't know, but one of our men is giving me lessons on it, so maybe I'll be able to explain that the next time I write.

Don't worry about me, Mary, because I'm having a fine time and the food is pretty good. The turkeys will be all right. Just make sure nothing happens to Nell and Thelma. I'll write more later.

Yours,
ELMER.

P. S. I am going to ask Mr. Burns to let me play on the regular team, so

I can go to bat four or five times a game, like the rest of the players. Yrs., E.

Tiddletwaite, Ark.
July 3rd.

Mr. Elmer Peters
c/o New York Giants
New York, N. Y.

Dear Elmer:

Your pinch hit in the ninth inning with two out not only won the game for the Giants, but it was also hit against Dizzy Dean, who is one of the best pitchers in the National League. Judge Bowman and I read all about it in the St. Louis papers the next day and we were terribly excited. The Giants are a half game ahead of the Cardinals because they have won one more game and have lost the same number. That makes a half game difference. And also if the Giants can keep their present lead and win the pennant, it will mean from four to six thousand dollars extra for the players in World Series money.

I suppose you are surprised that I seem to know so much about baseball all of a sudden, but Judge Bowman has been explaining the game to me and he got me rule books, year books, and a lot of other things to read. So now I at least know what

it's all about. Judge Bowman also told me that if you can really make a hit every time you go to bat, you'll soon be famous.

And that is what is worrying me, Elmer. If you ever got famous, I'm afraid you would forget all about me and Tiddletwaite, and the turkeys. Of course, you'd make a lot of money, but remember that money isn't everything, and that a baseball player can never have much of a home life. So make all the money you can and save it and you won't have to be one very long.

Don't worry about getting a regular position on the team so that you could bat four or five times in every game. Even if you should learn to catch the ball and throw it well enough to play, you still might be more valuable to the team as a pinch hitter. As long as you are a pinch hitter, the manager can send you to bat whenever there are men on bases, while if you were in the regular line-up, they might have to waste your hit when there was nobody on base and two out. At any rate, he knows best. Listen to him and do whatever he says.

The weather has been fine here so the turkeys are doing all right. But I don't think they are as well as when you left. At least, Jim Lester doesn't keep things very clean.

Get plenty of sleep, Elmer, and be sure and eat enough. You know how proud I am of you.

Love,
MARY.

New York,
July 15th.
Miss Mary Carlisle
Tiddletwaite, Ark.

Dear Mary:

You will be glad to hear the latest news from me, and to know that I am eating and sleeping okay and all that.

Well, since I last wrote you, I been to bat six times and got five hits. Naturally, people around here are beginning to sit up and take notice, and the enclosed clippings will show you what a big shot the New York sport writers think I am.

They still won't let me play on the regular team, though, and although I can't throw the ball very far I can catch it all right and think I would be pretty good in, say, the infield.



"That's funny! I would have sworn somebody just slid in!"

But they tell me they need me as a pinch hitter, so I guess I won't get the chance very soon.

The way it happens that I got only five hits out of six times at bat is like this: Mr. Burns decided maybe I was getting too much attention, so he had me strike out yesterday. We were playing Brooklyn and were ahead seven to three, so I guess it was all right. Anyway, that's the reason you saw me draw a blank in yesterday's box score. I didn't like to do it because nobody applauded, but Mr. Burns explained that if I got a hit every time I went to bat, pretty soon the pitchers would begin to walk me, and that would defeat our plan. He says we got the World Series to think of. Don't tell anybody about this, because it is a secret. But he says I'll have to do this pretty often from now on, and maybe once in a while even hit into a double play, or anyway hit the ball where the fielders can catch it.

I don't like this idea much, because I had to let my public and the sports writers down, but I guess I'll have to do it for a while.

I haven't gained any weight. In fact, I've lost a little, because I can't get used to the noise at night, and this food—well, you know.

I'll be making a hit tomorrow, probably, so be sure and read the papers.

Yours,

ELMER.

P.S. Don't worry about the turkeys (except Nell and Thelma). After I get my World Series money, I'll have enough so I won't have to worry about them. Yrs., E.

Tiddletwaite, Ark.
July 20th

Mr. Elmer Peters
c/o New York Giants
New York, N. Y.

Dear Elmer:

I thought maybe you'd be losing weight, eating strange foods and sleeping in hotels. You're too thin now, Elmer, so you must watch yourself. Maybe a glass of warm milk before you go to bed would help. Do you get to bed early every night?

Don't worry about your public, Elmer. I'm sure Mr. Burns knows what is best. The other baseball players, remember, aren't hitting much better than three hundred, and they're not worried about their public. You just do what Mr. Burns tells you to and be grateful for all the money you're making.

I'm going to worry about the turkeys whether you do or not. Your mother left them to you, and since you've taken care of them for five years it certainly would be heartless of you to forget them now. What if something should happen to your eyes and you weren't able to get a hit whenever you wanted to? And remember, you haven't got that World Series money yet.

The clippings are nice and I'm ter-



A PIPE 12 FEET 6 INCHES LONG? GO ON JUDGE—STOP KIDDING ME—THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL!

OH, YES THERE IS. I HAVE IT RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION

WELL, SEEING IS BELIEVING. I'LL BET IT COMES FROM AFRICA OR SOME SUCH PLACE!

NOPE—FROM CONSERVATIVE OLD ENGLAND—AND WHAT'S MORE, IT'S MADE OF PORCELAIN

SEE, THE STEM IS CURVED AND INTERTWINED IN AN INTRICATE PATTERN. STRETCHED OUT STRAIGHT, IT WOULD MEASURE TWELVE AND A HALF FEET. ITS PURPOSE WAS TO COOL THE SMOKE AND SAVE THE SMOKER'S TONGUE FROM 'BITE'



WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY THE LONG WAY AROUND TO COOL 'BITELESS' SMOKING. HERE'S THE SHORTEST WAY I KNOW—PRINCE ALBERT

YOU'RE 100% RIGHT, ALL OF US STEADY PIPE SMOKERS HAVE REASON TO THANK P.A.—

—FIRST FOR INTRODUCING THE SCIENTIFIC 'CRIMP CUT' AND AGAIN FOR DEVELOPING THE 'NO-BITE' PROCESS

COME TO THINK OF IT, P.A. STANDS FOR THE PERFECT ANSWER TO WHAT A PIPE NEEDS



PRINCE ALBERT
MONEY-BACK
GUARANTEE!

PRINCE ALBERT
IS SWELL
'MAKIN'S TOO!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



50 PIPEFULS
OF FRAGRANT
TOBACCO IN
EVERY TIN
OF P.A.

PRINCE
ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Here's Why Shaves are Velvet-Smooth

when you use the blade that was made for your razor

MEN are amazed to discover how much pleasanter shaving is when they use a Gillette Blade in their Gillette Razor.

If you could visit the Gillette factory, you would understand the reason. Here millions of dollars' worth of exclusive equipment is used to produce this world-famous shaving combination. You would marvel at the precision with which razor and blade are matched. Every step in their manufacture is designed to make them function smoothly as a unit.

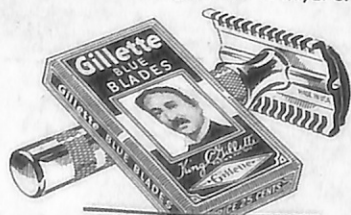
Enjoy Germ-Free Shaves

Furthermore, to insure perfect shaving cleanliness, every blade is sprayed with a special antiseptic before it is firmly secured in its sanitary waxed wrapper. Thus, Gillette Blades reach you absolutely germ-free—sterile as a surgical instrument.

This extraordinary care in manufacture, plus the perfect teamwork of razor and blade, is the real secret of the smooth shaves you get when you use the Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. Buy a package today. Slip one into your Gillette Razor tomorrow and see why millions of men insist on an "All-Gillette" shave!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.



Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

ribly proud of you, but don't take them too seriously. Just work hard every day and forget what the newspapers say. And write oftener!

Love,
MARY.

Tiddlewaite, Ark.
August 10th

Mr. Elmer Peters
c/o New York Giants
New York, N. Y.

Dear Elmer:

Apparently you're still able to cut out clippings about yourself even if you can't seem to take time enough to write a letter. And while it's nice to know that you're still winning ball games for the Giants, I'd like to hear how you are, not just what you're doing. So please write me at once and tell me if you're well, or caught cold, or what.

Jim Lester, as I suspected all along, isn't taking care of the turkeys at all the way he should. Nell has been laying eggs all over the place and Jim can't even find half of them. And you know that if Nell isn't treated carefully, she won't set long enough to hatch out a brood. He's also not careful about feeding the poults. Tuesday I caught him giving them cracked corn without soaking it first. Fortunately, we haven't had any rain for two weeks, so none of them have caught cold. But that is more a lucky break than any credit to Jim.

I see that the Giants are now on a Western trip. Eating in strange hotels and on trains doesn't agree with most people, and so I am naturally worried about whether you're continuing to lose weight or not. Be sure and get all the sleep you can.

Please try to write me once a week, if that isn't too much to ask.

Love,
MARY.

Cincinnati, Ohio
August 17th

Miss Mary Carlisle
Tiddlewaite, Ark.

Dear Mary:

Here we are in Cincinnati for a four-game series. We dropped yesterday's game because Mr. Burns thought it was about time I didn't get a hit, so he had me bounce one down to the first baseman. We were behind five to nothing, anyway, so I guess it was all right. Especially since we now have a four game lead on the Cards.

Jim Lester never did know how to handle Nell, but I guess it's all right since I'll make as much money this summer as I usually do all year on the poults. And that's not counting the World Series cut, either.

I didn't get much of a break in the Cincinnati papers. Just a line saying, "Peters grounded out to first." I guess they don't know who I am yet.

Oh, well, we'll be touring the sticks

for another couple of weeks and then we'll be back in New York, where the sports writers know what's what. Don't bother to save those clippings for me. They are for you. I've got duplicates for myself.

Well, don't take in any wooden nickels (ha, ha).

Yours,
ELMER.

P.S. I've lost a couple more pounds. I guess I miss home cooking. Yrs., E.

Tiddlewaite, Ark.
August, 19th

Mr. Elmer Peters
c/o New York Giants
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Elmer:

I am sending you a cake today to St. Louis. That isn't the sort of home cooking you should have, of course, but it was the only thing I could think of that would go through the mail all right. I hope you like it.

I wish you wouldn't call St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and such cities the "sticks," Elmer, because what does that make Tiddlewaite? It was always good enough for you before you went off to New York, and it still is good enough for me.

And don't worry so much about your publicity! Mr. Burns knows he can't let you hit every time you go to bat, and he also knows that too much publicity would be very bad. It appears that getting your name in the paper is all you care about lately.

There isn't much news here. Mrs. Blagdon fell down the steps and almost broke her leg, but didn't, and the Appleton's cow, Bess, died last week. Outside of that, things have been pretty quiet. I am going to the dance at Grove Center with Morris Wilkins, Saturday, but I wish it were you instead of Morris.

Love,
MARY.

P.S. I hope the cake is good.

Pittsburgh, Pa.
August 23rd

Miss Mary Carlisle
Tiddlewaite, Ark.

Dear Mary:

This is a picture of the ball park here in Pittsburgh where I knocked in two runs yesterday to beat the Pirates. The cake was O. K.

Yours,
ELMER.

Tiddlewaite, Ark.
August 25th

Mr. Elmer Peters
c/o New York Giants
New York, N. Y.

Dear Elmer:

It's nice to have post cards of the various places where you play, but I can read in the paper what you do. The main thing that interests me is whether you're well or not.

I'm glad the cake was good. Or was

it? "O. K." is a little vague. Now that you're back in New York I hope you can tear yourself away from your scrap book long enough to write me a real letter.

Love,

MARY.

New York, N. Y.
August 25th

Mr. Elmer Peters
c/o The New York Giants
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Peters:

I am the girl who sat right behind the Giants' dug-out today with the red hat and yellow dress on, the one that was so excited when you came in after hitting that double in the eighth inning.

Mr. Peters, I have the strangest feeling that I have seen you before some place. Were you ever in Chicago? If you are interested, why don't you meet me in my hotel lobby, the Hub, tonight at eight o'clock. I'll be wearing a black dress and blue hat.

Until tonight, and please don't disappoint one of your most ardent fans, Mr. Peters, I am,

MARIE TURNER,

Tiddlewaite, Ark
September 17th

Mr. Elmer Peters
c/o New York Giants
New York, N. Y.

Dear Elmer:

Have you hurt your hand, or what? You have been back in New York for three weeks now and I haven't heard a single word from you. Naturally, I am wondering what has happened. If you are mad because I intimated that you were getting conceited, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

I know you aren't very sick because I see your name in the line-up every few days. But I can't help worrying a little.

Tiddlewaite, by the way, is very proud of you, and a lot of people who never heard of the game before are taking quite an interest in you, and baseball.

I suppose Jim Lester has written you that eight poults hatched out last week and that three of them died two days later. I didn't get out there until it was too late to save them, and it never occurred to Jim to put a little ginger or pepper in the water to help them fight the cold.

Please write me, Elmer. It's not fair to have me worry like this.

Always yours,

MARY.

P.S. If you're really sick, please have somebody else write and tell me so. Love, Mary.

Tiddlewaite, Ark.
September 25th

Mr. Joseph E. Burns
c/o New York Giants
New York, N. Y.



AFTER THE SEVENTH DRINK
(NOT, OF COURSE, AT ONE SITTING)
**YOU'LL DISCOVER THE REAL
APPEAL OF BUSHMILLS!**

● We say "after the seventh drink"—because at first acquaintance you might not fully appreciate Bushmills' unique flavor. For, Bushmills is maltier — and 9 years old! Its distinctive taste "grows" on you to an irresistible degree. After the seventh drink—you too will regard Bushmills as the whiskey to be preferred above all others!

*Robust as Old Rye
Mellow as Old Bourbon
Tangy as Old Scotch*

90°
PROOF

BUSHMILLS
THE WHISKEY THAT HAS EVERYTHING



SHAW

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., SHAW IMPORT DIVISION, N. Y.



THOUSANDS SWITCH TO DODGE!

Here Are a Few of Them!



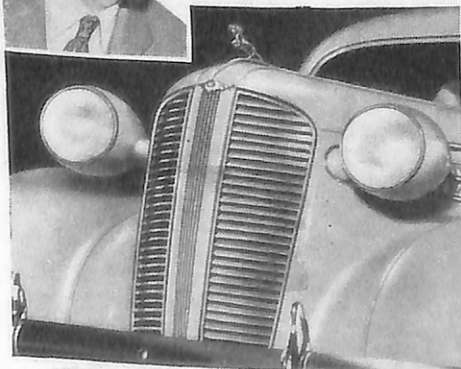
"The car I drive must be easy on gas and easy on my pocketbook in other ways," says I. J. Boulware, Chicago. "That's why I'm driving Dodge—and I switched from a smaller car! My Dodge hasn't given me less than 19 miles to the gallon and it uses 20% less oil!"



"Since we switched to Dodge we're getting 8 miles more to the gallon than we got from our old, smaller car. We'll easily save \$70 a year." —Mrs. G. Norman Townley, Plainfield, N. J.



"You can't beat Dodge for economy," says Jimmie Huskisson, Valley Park, Mo. "I'm getting 21 miles to the gallon of gas which is 7 miles more than my old car gave me. At the rate we drive it, that will mean close to \$100 saved by the time I have had this new Dodge a year."



DODGE

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS!

Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

My dear Mr. Burns:

I am writing to you for information about Elmer Peters. When Elmer left here in June we were engaged to be married. Now I don't know whether we are or not, as I haven't heard from him for nearly five weeks.

Elmer started to change almost as soon as he got to New York, Mr. Burns. The only thing he seemed to be interested in once he began to play was what the newspapers said about him. He was more interested in his publicity than anything else, I'm afraid. He used to write and send big stacks of clippings, then he just sent clippings, but now for five weeks I haven't even gotten a clipping. And that is what is worrying me. I'm afraid he must not be feeling very well if he can't even get around to sending me clippings.

I wouldn't bother you, Mr. Burns, except that not hearing from him like this is nearly driving me crazy. If he is seriously sick will you let me know at once so that I can come to him. If he isn't sick, though, don't say anything about this to him, because a girl has some pride.

If you'll only tell me he's well and getting enough sleep I'll try to feel better.

Very sincerely,
MARY CARLISLE.

New York, N. Y.
September 27th

Miss Mary Carlisle
Tiddewaite, Ark.

Dear Miss Carlisle:

I am glad to inform you that Mr. Elmer Peters' health is satisfactory, although I believe he has lost a little weight. But it is his head that is bothering him, and us, just at present. It has grown with such phenomenal speed that when last measured, it was somewhere between a Rocky Ford Melon and the Goodyear blimp in size.

You have my sincerest sympathies, Miss Carlisle. Judging from the trouble I have had with him I can imagine what yours have been. Of course, Elmer's case is unusual. When he says he's good, he's only half right—he's sensational. I guess all geniuses are hard to handle, but lately things have been getting serious.

Not really serious, you understand, not for you, at any rate. With Elmer it's pure, home-spun puppy love, so I don't think you have to worry on that score. Besides, Marie Turner is just one of those girls who can't resist a man in a uniform—especially if he's in a baseball uniform. She's been through half the league already, and Elmer is merely her current idol. A couple of months ago it was Socker Seaver, of the Yankees, and a couple of months from now it's liable to be somebody on the Dodgers.

Elmer will undoubtedly come hobbling home to you when this thing

runs its course. But the combination of his thirst for headlines and his desire to please Marie Turner has me as dizzy as a caterpillar crawling up a barber pole. Marie, just simply gaga over Elmer's ability to get base hits whenever he wants to, tells him to hit one along the right field foul line, just for fun, when I've already told him to bounce it back to the pitcher for an easy out. So far, the score is tied; half the time Marie wins, half the time I win. But the result is getting more in doubt each day. Since we've already got the pennant cinched, I'm sticking Elmer in there just to pull down his batting average, so the Yankee pitchers won't be afraid to pitch to him during the World Series.

If you have any influence over him, it might be a good idea to come on to New York and try to pump some sense into his head.

Anyway, good luck and best wishes.

Very sincerely,
JOSEPH E. BURNS.

*From the New York Bulletin,
October 3rd*

CAPACITY CROWD WATCHES
YANKS TAKE SERIES OPENER
FROM GIANTS 4-0.

*From the New York Bulletin,
October 4th*

YANKS TAKE SECOND
STRAIGHT BEATING GIANTS
2-1.

*From the New York Bulletin,
October 5th*

YANKS WALLOP GIANTS 9-3
IN THIRD.

*From the New York Bulletin,
October 6th*

GIANTS FINALLY WIN 4-2 IN
NINTH INNING.

*From the New York Bulletin,
October 7th*

GIANTS COME FROM BEHIND,
WIN 8-7.

*From the New York Bulletin,
October 8th*

PETERS TENTH INNING
PINCH HIT LEVELS SERIES AT
THREE ALL AS GIANTS WIN.

New York. Elmer Peters, the sensational pinch-hitting rookie acquired by the Giants in midseason, again pulled a game out of the fire and put the Giants back in the Series as he lashed a single just inside the left field foul line to score Rip Ellis from second base with the winning run. Peters, who has batted 1.000 in the Series, was the hero for the third consecutive time as the Giants, battling gamely against terrific odds, won their third straight game to pull up even with the Yankees, after dropping the first three games.

Until Peters' tenth inning single, today's game was an air-tight pitchers' battle. . . .

New York, N. Y.
October 8th

Mr. Socker Seaver
c/o New York Yankees
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Seaver:

I am sending you this note by messenger, because I want you to be sure and get it before tomorrow's game.

Believe me, Mr. Seaver, when I tell you that Elmer Peters and I are engaged to be married, and that what I am telling you is for his own good, and our future happiness.

Lately Elmer has ignored me, because his success has gone to his head, and besides that, he seems to be infatuated with a girl named Marie Turner, whom you probably know. I came to New York today to see Elmer and try to reason with him, and to tell him that his turkey farm back in Tiddlewaite, Ark., is going to rack and ruin under Jim Lester, but as I waited for him in his hotel lobby last night, intending to surprise him, I saw something that changed my mind.

As Elmer got out of the elevator, I stood up right in front of him and for a moment I thought everything was all right again, because there was a big smile on his face and his eyes looked sort of tender-like, but to my amazement he walked right past me and up to a girl who I found out later was Marie Turner. He didn't even see me. I was dumbfounded. All I could do was stand there, sort of numb all over, Mr. Seaver, and so I couldn't help overhearing what they said. There was a lot of sickeningly sweet conversation first about what a hero Elmer was, and then Elmer said, "Where does my little Eskimo Pie want me to hit one tomorrow?"

And this is the reason I am writing to you, Mr. Seaver. Marie Turner went into a sort of ecstatic trance and then said, "Sugar Plum, there's a fellow on the Yankee team that I don't like, by the name of Socker Seaver. He's the second baseman and he treated me awful one time. I think if you dropped a Texas Leaguer over his head he might be made to look like the goat of the Series and that way I would get my revenge on him. Will you do that for me, Sugar Plum?"

"I'd do anything for my little Eskimo Pie. Right over the second baseman's head."

Now, Mr. Seaver, you may think that conversation sounds funny, but it wouldn't sound so funny if you knew about Elmer's eyes. He has such phenomenal eyesight that he can get a hit every time he wants to, and if he says he'll drop a hit right over your head, he'll do it. Just to prove to you that I'm sincere, I am enclosing a letter to me from Mr. Burns, of the Giants, to show you that what I say is true.

The reason I am writing to you is this: I thought if you knew where the ball was going before Elmer hit



**Spring
is here!**

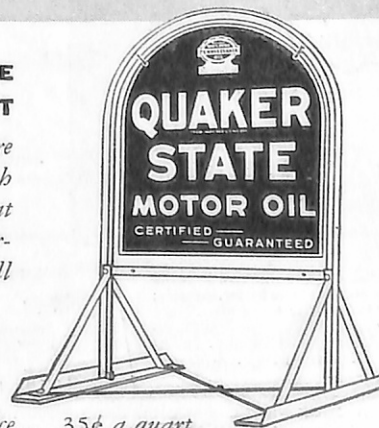
TIME TO CHANGE

● Your car, too, feels the stir of Spring and needs a change. Give it the best Spring tonic possible ... drain the worn Winter oil and fill with Quaker State Motor Oil of the correct Summer grade ... and you will go farther before you need to add a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

GO FARTHER
BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

**THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO MAKE
THE "FIRST QUART" TEST**

● When you change to Quaker State, be sure to note the mileage. Then ... see how much farther you go before you need to add that telltale "First Quart." Quaker State Superfine Greases stand up longer, too. You'll "Go farther before the first squeak."



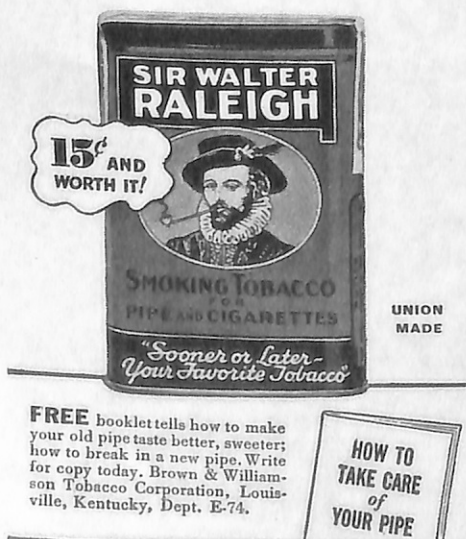
Retail price ... 35¢ a quart

MAN'S PIPE BITES DOG!



... then he switched
to the brand of
grand aroma

THAT'S news, all right—and a dirty trick to Fido! Pipes need a good Spring cleaning now and then to cure their bite. And for your throat's sake—if not for Fido—try switching from your old hot-and-heavy brand of pipe tobacco to mild Sir Walter Raleigh. It is milder. That's no idle boast—it's a cool-burning, fragrant-smelling, Kentucky Burley fact! 15¢ for two full ounces buys you and Fido a million dollars' worth of fine, full-flavored smoke aroma!



TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, NOW FRIDAYS 10 P. M., E. S. T.

it, you could get a head start and be there waiting for the ball and maybe in that way you could make a double play and Elmer would be the goat of the Series. Then maybe he wouldn't be so conceited and would go back to Tiddlewaite with me and take care of the turkeys.

I am doing this for his own good. It will break my heart to see Elmer hit into a double play at a crucial moment, but it's the only way I can think of to bring Elmer back to me. Please don't fail me, Mr. Seaver. My future happiness depends on you.

Yours very sincerely,
MARY CARLISLE.

Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, please forgive us if we have been a bit incoherent just now, but this last game has been the wildest of this wild World Series, and the tension is almost unbelievable. We'll go over that once more. With one out and Wheeler on second base and Trask on third, the pitcher is now delivering an intentional walk to Williams in order to get at Billows. The score is seven to five in favor of the Yankees, and this is the last of the ninth with the Giants at bat.

There's the fourth ball and Williams goes trotting down to first. That leaves the bases loaded, and the strategy, of course, is to try to make Billows hit into a double play.

Wait a minute . . . we believe there is going to be a pinch hitter for Billows. There is! The loud speakers have just announced that Peters will bat for Billows. Peters, you know, is the sensation of the Series, winning, practically single-handed, all three of the Giants' games.

Will they walk Peters, or let him hit? If they walk him, it will automatically force in a run, but if they let him hit, it will probably mean two runs and the ball game will be tied up at seven all. Socker Seaver comes running in from second base to talk to the pitcher, the catcher joins them, and then two or three more Yankees. They're having a conference to decide whether to walk Peters. Socker Seaver seems to be doing most of the talking, finally they agree and the players return to their positions, and . . . I believe they're going to pitch to Peters. Yes, they are! The catcher is giving the signal, the pitcher nods, starts his wind-up, and just as he throws the ball Socker Seaver turns and runs straight back toward center field in an attempt to cut off the hit. Peters meets the ball squarely and it goes out toward Socker Seaver, but over his head and on into the outfield. The center fielder goes back for it, way back against the wall, turns, but he can't get it and the ball sails over his head and out of the park for a home run!

Ladies and gentlemen, this sensational young Elmer Peters comes through with a home run with the bases loaded and wins the game, the

Series and the world championship for the Giants. The crowd has gone absolutely mad. They're insane, hysterical!

If you'll be patient a moment we're going to try to get the microphone down on the field and get Elmer Peters to say a word or two. Take it away, John. . . .

Ladies and gentlemen, this is John Enders, and we're down here on the field now trying to fight our way through this crowd to get the hero of this Series, Elmer Peters, to say a word or two. Peters is being mobbed by his own team-mates and well-wishers, and although we're pretty close, we can't quite make it yet . . . Elmer! Elmer Peters! Will you say a word into the microphone? . . . We're still trying to get to him, ladies and gentlemen . . . there's a girl trying to kiss him, a girl calling him "Sugar Plum," but . . . ha, ha, I guess Elmer isn't much of a ladies' man. He doesn't even speak to his feminine admirer. The girl is persistent, we'll say that for her. She seems to be asking him something—apparently they know each other—but Elmer doesn't pay any attention to her. Yes, just then he turned his head and said something about "double crosser," but . . . ha, ha, maybe we were wrong.

There's another girl trying to fight through to him, and Elmer suddenly sees her and calls her name. "Mary!" he said. We're getting closer, now. There's Socker Seaver, of the Yankees, and just that minute he turned around to the last girl, the one called Mary, and said something to her that sounded like "double-crosser." I think we must be hearing things, or else this is too deep. . . . Oh, Oh! Ladies and gentlemen, Elmer Peters apparently resented that and he swung on Socker Seaver. The crowd is separating them now but it looks like it will be several minutes before we can get the microphone through to Peters. . . . Here's Larry Ford, of the Yankees. Larry! Will you say a few words, please? . . .

Tiddlewaite, Ark.
October 12th

Mr. Joseph E. Burns
c/o New York Giants
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Burns:

Just a line to let you know where to send Elmer's World Series check. The address is Tiddlewaite, Ark., and since we'll be there for some time, there's no great hurry, I guess.

You may want to know the inside story of Elmer's home run, since we left New York in such a hurry, so here it is.

First I must confess, Mr. Burns, that I did my best to make Elmer hit into a double play and lose the game, because I thought that if the crowd booed him once instead of cheered him, he'd come to his senses and go back to Tiddlewaite. So I wrote a note to Socker Seaver of the Yankees

and told him I overheard Marie Turner telling Elmer to hit one over Socker Seaver's head (this was true), but of course I forgot, and I guess Socker Seaver did, too, that with his eyesight Elmer could see him running back as soon as the ball left the pitcher's hand.

Elmer usually doesn't think fast, but with Socker Seaver knowing just where Marie Turner had told him to hit the ball, it did look to him like Marie Turner had double-crossed him. Especially since he was jealous of Socker Seaver because a lot of the Giants had kidded him about her and Socker. That's the reason he hit the home run. He was mad.

Then when Socker Seaver accused me, rather harshly, of double-crossing him, Elmer realized that he had loved me all the time and not Marie, and that's the reason he tried to hit Socker Seaver.

When I finally told Elmer that Marie hadn't double-crossed him, he was sorry he had wrongfully accused her of it, but he didn't care about her any more anyway. In fact, he

didn't care about anything but getting back to Tiddlewaite in a hurry. Because by that time I had told him that Nell, his pet broody hen, was seriously sick, and Elmer knows nobody can handle Nell like he can. So that explains it, in case you were wondering, Mr. Burns.

Nell got all right, incidentally, and we're going to buy some more land and more turkeys and make a lot of improvements with the World Series money.

Very sincerely,
MARY CARLISLE PETERS
(Mrs. Elmer Peters)

P.S. I don't think Elmer will be back to play baseball next year, Mr. Burns, because I had to tell Socker Seaver about Elmer's eyes, and now I guess you can't keep it a secret any longer.

P.P.S. We're going to send you a nice turkey for Thanksgiving, because we both feel we owe you so much. Her name is Marie, and she's one of our best hens, but we won't miss her.

Flames in the City

(Continued from page 35)

work the anti-aircraft guns and the searchlights; yet as a means of intimidation, as far as the bulk of the English people were concerned, they were, I am sure, not worth while. In fact, they had an effect contrary to that intended. Those who leaned towards conciliation, who were hoping that somehow a compromise might be reached to end the War, now went violently in the other direction. They were determined that an antagonist using what they considered an unfair method of attack should be fought to the bitter end. Perhaps with some other race—I do not pretend to know—the raids might have been more effective; but history has shown that the British are not easily intimidated.

But nevertheless, intensive air-plane raids now became the order of the day—or, rather, of the night. Fleets of Gothas, in orderly formation, with fighter planes on their flanks to repel hostile machines, swept over; not comparatively slowly, like the Zeppelins, but swiftly, so that a raid seldom lasted more than half an hour. That half-hour was filled with lively incident for the people underneath, however.

As we had a small child, my wife and I gave up our house in Ealing and moved into a hotel in the heart of London; but it had an attraction for her greater than one in any other part of the city—its situation. It was directly opposite the deepest Underground Railway station in the city, Notting Hill Gate. The tracks there must be about 300 feet below the street. And having invariably some previous warning of an im-

pending raid, it was possible to get under this impregnable cover of earth before the bombers arrived.

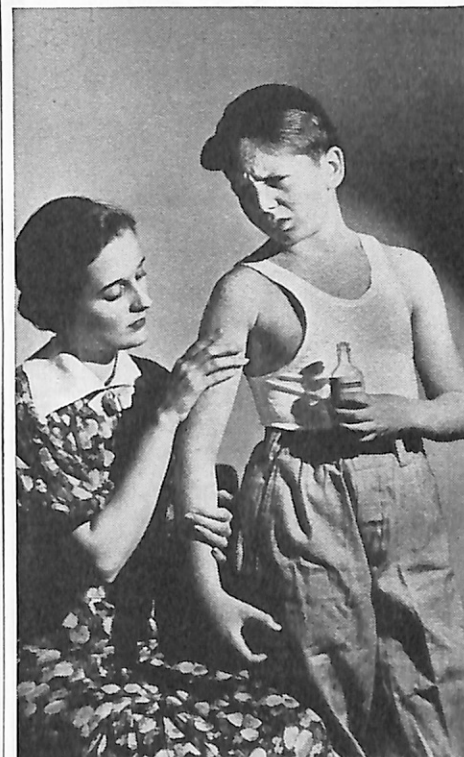
Many a night, after a hard day, I have been awakened from a sound sleep. "Come, get up," my wife would say. "The maroons have sounded. They're coming. Wrap up the baby well—it's a cold night."

Then we would cross the street to the Tube, which, if it had already been closed for the night, would now be re-opened; and the lifts would take the crowds of people down to the underground passages. Down there, the sight was a pathetic one. Families would be sitting on the cement floor of the station platforms, holding hastily and incompletely dressed youngsters, comforting them as best possible for this disturbance of their regular sleeping hours. Now and then could be heard the cry of a young baby, or the hacking cough of a child, echoing along the curved roof; but no disorder, no panic, no useless complaint against circumstances marked this assemblage. There they would patiently wait throughout the bombardment, glad, indeed, that by this means the young ones might come to no violent harm. It looked like the Exodus! And, when bugles sounded the "all clear" throughout the city, the Tube would disgorge its emergency population, tired, sleepy—and hoping that another raid might not be staged that night, anyway.

Incidentally, it was curious to note the number of uniformed soldiers at home on leave that could be seen down there. From their experience at the Front, they had a lively re-

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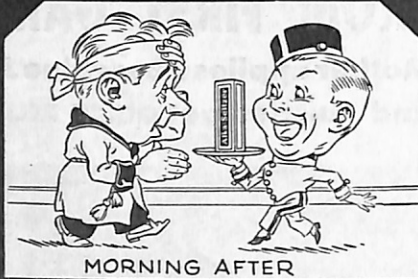
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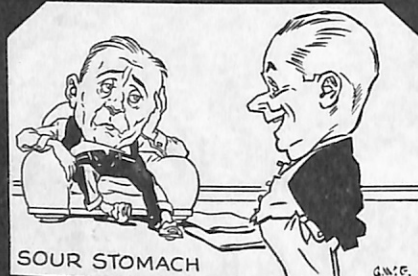
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spect for bombs and were the first to take cover. There was no false modesty about it. They were not going to have their precious leave spoiled; they were quite willing to postpone exposure to explosives until they got back to France.

I well remember a raid one night when I was working late away from home. Knowing my wife's nervousness, I had promised to come immediately if warning should be received of the planes' coming over. When, therefore, I heard the warning maroons go off, I turned out the lights, locked the door and mounted a passing omnibus, secure in the knowledge that twenty to thirty minutes would elapse—time to get to the hotel—before the visitation commenced. As I mounted the stairs to the open top-deck of the omnibus, I noticed casually that only five passengers were on the vehicle, and that they were all men.

On this particular night, something must have gone wrong with the stage management, for scarcely ten minutes had passed before action commenced, with the guns spouting and the searchlights playing across the skies. And all at once, I realized our driver had lost self-control. Egged on by the detonations and the clatter of falling shrapnel around him, he got obsessed with the idea that he must go somewhere quickly. Madly, we raced along, cutting across intersecting streets at a speed that would have been disastrous if we had met passing vehicles. Knowing that the fire-engines, ambulances and police cars were moving about freely, I began to get concerned, in this heavy vehicle rocking violently from side to side. I never thought it was designed to go so fast! Injury from the air was now a remote contingency in face of this more immediate danger; and I saw visions of our piling against a house-front or ramming some other car.

That the driver was not completely bereft of his senses was evidenced by his excited honking of his horn at every crossing, but he did not let up. I tell you, that was a ride! I banged the signal bell for a stop—I wanted to get down—but he paid no attention to it. Wherever he was going, he wanted to get there quickly. Curiously enough—perhaps from force of habit—he did not diverge from his regular route, but followed all its usual turns and twists across the city, thus giving us our full money's worth; but some of those corners were surely taken on two wheels!

Presently the firing stopped; the raiders had been driven off for

the time being. Immediately, our temperamental driver regained poise, and we slackened speed to the regulation fifteen miles an hour. I looked across to a man on the opposite seat, though the dim lighting made it impossible to judge if his face was as white as mine felt.

"We must have an airplane pilot as chauffeur," I remarked.

"Well, it just goes to prove that airplane raids are really dangerous—one way or other," he replied, laughingly.

Courage and Fear are queer things and affect humans without logic. I think it has been said that Marshal MacMahon of Napoleon's army was afraid of the dark. And Lord Roberts of the British Army was said to be fearful of cats. Thus these two brave men had their phobias, which in no way affected their demeanor in actual fighting.

If my memory serves me, it was this particular raid that caused a tragedy that shocked us at the time. The cellars of a magazine called "John Bull" in Long Acre had been assigned by the authorities as one of the air-raid shelters, on account of the height and solidity of the building over them; and on this particular evening, a considerable number of people had sought refuge under there. A bomb from a Gotha hit the roof, went crashing through all the floors into the cellars, where were stored several tons of ink. The containers were broken, and 41 people were drowned in the sea of ink. Somehow, this death strikes the imagination as being particularly horrible.

Now, as time went on, the defense against air-raids got stronger. Later, it had been found possible to throw up a controlled barrage of projectiles almost impossible for the Germans to penetrate with impunity. Also, means had been found of suspending huge nets of light steel from captive balloons, providing a curtain disastrous to that plane whose propeller touched it. The casualties of the raiders became greater with each expedition, yet the morale of the civil population seemed not to be appreciably affected. Consequently, this means of warfare became more and more infrequent toward the close of the War.

But those aviators—of both sides—were stout lads! They probably experienced in those moments of air-combats a zest of living such that forever after, if they survived, the pursuit of an ordinary livelihood in times of peace would seem flat and monotonous. We cannot eat the food of the gods as a regular diet; it is too rich.



What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 22)

Hart in his chronicle of American leaders and forgotten heroes. (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$2)

Just 186 Pages—But What a Story!

There are only 186 pages in John Steinbeck's novel, "Of Mice and Men," but there is magic in its prose. Here is a story about plain ranchhands, with pity and compassion in it—something unusual for these days, when authors so often think that all workers have to be hard-boiled. Two characters stand out in this little story. One is Lennie, a giant of a man with a child's mind, who lets himself be guided by George. Lennie can't control his hands—he loves to fondle soft objects, like mice and rabbits, but often his hands are too strong and the mice have their necks broken. They get a job on a California ranch tossing grain sacks into wagons. Their hope is a little place of their own, where they can raise their food and enjoy life—"An' live off the fatta the lan', an' have rabbits," says Lennie.

But before that can happen events at the ranch change the course of their fortunes. At the ranch we meet a curious group; Curley, the boss' overbearing son; Slim, the handsome mule skinner; Crooks, the Negro stable buck who isn't wanted in the games; Candy, the old fellow who cleans out the bunkhouse; and Curley's wife, who plays with fire.... Here John Steinbeck, who wrote "Tortilla Flat" and "In Dubious Battle," shows again that he is a natural born story-teller. (Covici Friede, \$2)

A Well-Written Love Story

There is no reason whatever why romantic love stories should not be well written. There is also no reason why characters in novels should not have good manners, speak intelligently and act like normal human beings. "The Prodigal Nurse," by Teresa Hyde Phillips, answers these requirements and offers at the same time a lively story of the adventures of a registered nurse whose tact, ability and good looks make her especially attractive to the male sex. Celia Landis' romantic career begins when she enters the home of Carleton Daklin to take care of his wife. Daklin introduces her to Vaski, the photographer, who is making a series of illustrations for a health campaign and needs a nurse in uniform to pose for him. But Dr. Anthony Starr is even more seriously interested in her. The story moves forward swiftly to a climax. As the wife of the late Coles Phillips, Teresa Hyde Phillips posed frequently for his famous drawings; in her own right she has written stories for Saturday Evening Post, Collier's and other national magazines. (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$2)

Several More Good Novels

"THE Grown-ups" by Catharine Whitcomb is the story of a sensitive child whose parents are divorced and fighting for her. This is a real American dilemma and few know what such dissension does to a child; here the result is eloquently shown. (Random House, \$2.50.) Clarence Budington Kelland, whose "Opera



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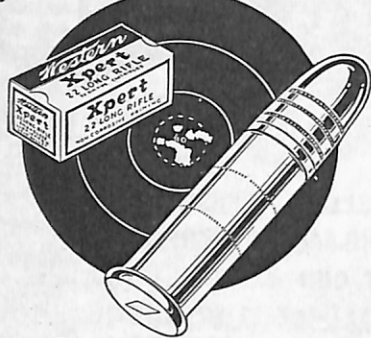
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Hat" was the basis for the famous movie, "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," has written a similar tale in "Spotlight." This deals with a young and lovely heiress who rebels against her surroundings, with the sympathy of her lively grandfather. She turns to Broadway night clubs for release and as an entertainer has no end of baffling adventures, in which love plays a part. Mr. Kelland keeps his story moving with spirit and interest never flags. (Harper & Bros., \$2.) I had a good time reading "The Sisters," by Myron Brinig. This deals with the three Elliott sisters, who grew up in an apartment over a drug store in Silver Bow, Montana. The story opens in 1904 before the automobile was in general use, and as it progresses we get interesting glimpse of the manners of thirty years ago. The girls marry, for different reasons, and the story deals with their married lives. It's American family life in the days of Theodore Roosevelt. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.75.)

The Nile in History

As the flood waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers were pouring through the streets of Cincinnati, Portsmouth, Cairo, Louisville and dozens of other towns, and the fields of the south were inundated, I was reading Emil Ludwig's story of how another great river affected the lives of men and was finally brought under control. He calls it "The Nile, the Life-Story of a River," and describing it from source to mouth as it flows from the lakes and cascades of Uganda, far in the interior, to traverse the Sudan and then water the Nubian desert and the fertile fields where the great populations of Egypt were its victims and its beneficiaries through centuries.

The Nile did as it pleased and human beings, taking strength from its waters, developed a civilization along its banks. But the time came when the British, more skilled in engineering and better equipped with money, were to build the great dam at Aswan and restrict the waters of the Nile, at the same time introducing better conditions for the plain farmers and workers along its banks who had been exploited for ages by their masters.

Emil Ludwig interprets this surging life; he comments on historic episodes as well as on the living conditions of tribes and communities that grew up along the Nile, for "Egypt is the one land on earth in which every inhabitant lives at all times in sight of the river. Dynasties came, used it, and passed, but the river, the father of the land, remained." For the Nile traverses the land that "has seen the longest of all human histories." Today it works for man—but it took the money, skill and despotic power of an outside government to bring that change about. (Viking Press, \$5)

New Essays by Aldous Huxley

Aldous Huxley has done much to stir thought in our modern world. His diagnosis of civilization is cruel—and generally deserved. His manner of writing is vivid and stimulating to the intelligence. In "The Olive Tree" he presents a book of essays. You don't pick up this book to find out something about Thomas H. Huxley, or D. H. Lawrence, or the olive trees in the Provence—you read it to discover what Aldous Huxley has to say and to follow his logical ideas. His text is sprinkled with such statements as that on war—war is mass murder, but in order to make use of it we disguise it with words, "When we talk about war we use a language which conceals or embellishes its reality. . . . We protect our minds by an elaborate system of abstractions, ambiguities, metaphors and similes from the reality we do not wish to know too clearly." About knowledge, "We are provided with a vastly greater supply of facts than our ancestors ever had an opportunity of considering. And yet our knowledge of other peoples is probably less thorough and intimate than theirs." He explains that the minds of other generations were moulded by the same literature, the Bible and the classics, and hence, through introspection, men understood one another. Of our daily life, "Time is our tyrant. The time of which we have knowledge is artificial, machine-made time. Of natural, cosmic time, as it is measured out by sun and moon, we are for the most part almost wholly unconscious." "The Olive Tree," containing sixteen essays, is published by Harper & Bros. at \$2.75.

Gold Mining in South Africa

Wherever men dig for precious stones and rich ore the ground is stained with the sweat and blood of workers and adventures. The story of the South African gold fields is filled with incredible episodes—fighting, cheating, suffering and death. The greatest mines in the world lie in the Witwatersrand, whence the gold "which was once used to glorify the palace of King Solomon is now packed and shipped to the dank vaults of the Bank of England." So writes Adele Lezard in "The Great Gold Reef," the history of that fabulous stratum in which the richest gold has been found through many years. Today men go down 8,500 feet to gather gold, working in ledges with only 18 inches of headroom. At that depth "the heat is terrific. It clutches at you in a hungry, vicious way. There is an oppressive melancholy down here." At the fifty-ninth level of Robinson Deep the temperature of the rock is 104 degrees; the air is 93 degrees; the humidity is 100. A miner has to be "a working Houdini." The author describes a miner sitting on the edge of a slit; "He is trying to decide whether he wants to work on his

stomach or his back. Once he has wedged himself into the fissure he cannot turn round. He cannot move. He cannot sneeze. He will have some eleven or fifteen inches in which to work. He must drill the hard rock with a jackhammer. He must operate the instrument with his feet." A nightmare? It makes me shiver to read about it.

Because South Africa went off the gold standard the metal is worth enough today to make mining in difficult places profitable. The mines have yielded \$5,000,000,000 worth of gold since 1885. But every year men die from the lung diseases that come from working down there. The story is an exciting one. It makes one wonder about the greed of man. To produce an ingot of gold, about the size of a loaf of bread, 8,000 men have to work one whole day in the mines. The pure gold is so heavy that one man can't lift the ingot. (Bobbs Merrill, \$3)

The West Wind

(Continued from page 38)

to work my way through college."

"Shut up. It's done, and I'm through. Shut up and get out."

"You've got the name of being a hard man," continued Alan. "You are a hard man. I saw that last night. But now I wonder how much of that is bluff. I wonder if it isn't a front put up to hide something soft within you—something mild and beneficent. Like—like the west wind."

"The west wind?" repeated Lafe in surly tones. "Whaddye mean? Why ain't you gone?"

"I can't go," said Alan truthfully. "I haven't a cent in my pocket. And I'm not going to swim. And besides, I like the west wind wherever it blows—or whether it's a boat, or whether it's something hidden down in the heart of a man. See here, last night you gave me a job."

"I did? But last night I didn't know who you was. What was it?"

"Sticking around. And today I'm keeping it."

Lafe Rodgers' scowl gave place to a slow grin. He heaved himself to his feet in slow rises. "Okay," he said. "Okay, my boy. But it'll be the toughest job you ever tackled. For tonight we got a different kind of a party. We're heading out into the sardine run, and if it don't lay you out before your first pay day it'll be only because you got the guts your father had. My partner, Pete Scott. Him what—" Lafe gulped, and then finished up lamely, "And so you'd ship on a boat under me! You—you little devil you." He stood towering above Alan, and his big hand dropped heavily on the boy's shoulder. Alan covered it quickly with his own hand.

"You bet," he said.



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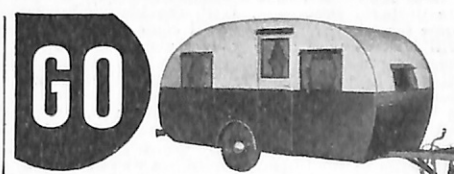


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On The Trail

(Continued from page 19)

be glancing from its diminished tax rolls to the transient trailers and trying to add things up. Toll gates, higher parking space rentals, trailer licenses that cost money—these may be the answer. Life is like that.

One of the most striking points of all about this trailer business is the age groups to which they are being sold. One company reports that the average age of trailer buyers is between forty and fifty, with many sales being made to people up to seventy-five. In many a household, "The Old Folks at Home" is not the favorite theme song, either of the young or of the old. Often the aged have sat by the hearth only because they could not afford to fare forth. The Townsend Plan may have waned, but the Trailer Plan is wax-

ing. In numerous cases, trailers are furnishing the solution to the problem of what to do with oneself after retirement, and the solvers are going places and seeing things.

Such are some of the consequences, actual or potential, of the Rise of the Trailers. Will they continue to alter the mode of American life as radically as they have begun to do? It was Roger Babson, whose record as a prophet is fairly high, who predicted that Americans are increasingly becoming a nomadic people. If that is so, trailers are speeding the trend immeasurably. In any event we have taken these trailers for better or for worse. Shall we live in them happily ever after? After all, aren't some of us going to have to stay put? Whither are we trailing?

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 34)

Billings, Mont., Lodge Holds "Old Timers' and P.E.R.'s Night"

Eighty-one members of Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394, who were initiated 25 years or more ago, or had been Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, were honored recently on "Old Timers' and Past Exalted Rulers' Night." Special honors were shown the following surviving charter members: P.E.R.'s F. B. Connelly, S. G. Reynolds and W. B. George, W. M. Johnston, George M. Hays, C. M. Bair, Thomas Chapple and J. W. Gardner. Mr. Gardner assisted in the institution of Billings Lodge on December 11, 1897.

Honorary Life Memberships were bestowed upon P.E.R.'s Charles J. Carroll and Everett M. Baker for the distinguished and meritorious service they have rendered the Order and the local Lodge. Many of the Old Timers made talks, and letters and telegrams were read from those who were unable to be present. The meeting was presided over by P.E.R. C. C. Bever. The announcement was made that a 40th Anniversary of the founding of the Lodge would be held on December 11, 1937.

Champaign, Ill., Lodge Holds "Roundup" During Midwinter State Meeting

Champaign, Ill., Lodge, No. 398, was host on February 6-7 to more than 1,000 Elks who came to Champaign for the Midwinter Meeting of the Ill. State Elks Assn. and the Second Annual Roundup held by the Lodge. Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz was an honored guest, participating in the business meetings

and enjoying the social functions on the program. Numbered among the distinguished visitors were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Chicago, and Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge; Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill.; Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; D. D.'s of Ill. Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey, Otto J. Ellingen, Mendota, C. E. Duff, Lawrenceville, and T. D. Gradinaroff, Granite City; Pres. J. Paul Kuhn, Aurora Lodge, Secy. Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln, Chairman of the Membership Committee Earle L. Thompson, Galesburg, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee R. L. Earl, Champaign, Secy. of the Crippled Children's Committee Frank P. White, Oak Park, Vice-Pres.'s Jack Martin, Urbana, and P. H. Ward, Sterling, Past Pres.'s W. J. Grant, Danville, Albert W. Jeffreys, Herrin, Dr. J. F. Mohan, Pontiac, and Dr. F. C. Winters, Monmouth, all of the State Elks Association.

All of the details from bulletins to broadcasts, were carefully planned in advance with the result that the event marked a new high for State meetings. E.R. Bert S. Walker selected the Committee Chairmen and worked tirelessly with them. P.E.R.'s Frank B. Leonard, Past Pres. and former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Past Pres. Dr. J. C. Dallenbach acted in an advisory capacity to Dr. N. J. Krabbe, General Chairman. Mrs. J. E. McGinty was General Chairman of the Women's Com-

mittees. Publicity was planned in cooperation with P.E.R. Jack Martin of Urbana Lodge, and J. A. McDermott of the Champaign News Gazette. William H. Matlack was Chairman of the Publicity Committee. Distribution of a special 16-page edition of the News Gazette, printed in purple ink, was made to 19,000 regular subscribers and 4,500 copies were mailed to Elks in various parts of the State. The Champaign Elks Glee Club contributed much to the general pleasure.

One of the popular features on the program was the Bowling Tournament which began Saturday at noon. A dinner for the Grand Exalted Ruler and Exalted Rulers of the State was held at 6 P. M. The Grand Exalted Ruler's Ball beginning at nine o'clock was followed by a floor show. Committee meetings were in session at the Lodge Home on Sunday beginning at 10 A. M. At noon 459 Elks and members of their families were guests at a Family Dinner held in the gymnasium of the Champaign Junior High School. Speeches by Gov. Sholtz and other Grand Lodge officers were broadcast over Station WDWS. Ninety young women from the Junior and Senior High Schools assisted in serving. While the Sunday afternoon business sessions were in progress a Ladies' Bridge Party was held.

Plans were formulated during the meeting for the coming annual convention of the State Association which will open in Danville on June 4, continuing through three days. Reports were made on the four clinics held during the past year at Burnham Hospital at the request of Champaign Lodge. Crippled children work is one of the most important of the activities carried on by the Association through its special committee.

Champaign Lodge has reported the

initiation of the 27 candidates who made up the Lodge's Grand Exalted Ruler's Anniversary Class. The ceremonies were performed during the meeting on Past Exalted Rulers' Night.

Marion, O., Lodge Officers Initiate Class for Willard, O., Lodge

The officers of Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, performed initiation ceremonies for Willard, O., Lodge, No. 1370, when they visited that Lodge on February 4. The class numbered 14 candidates. Eight former members of Willard Lodge were reinstated. A buffet lunch was served and the inter-Lodge visitation was voted a great success.

Kingman, Ariz., Lodge Honors Past Exalted Rulers

Members of Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468, and visiting Elks from Needles and Oatman, enjoyed the Past Exalted Rulers' Night held by the Lodge. The meeting was presided over by P.D.D. Charles A. Dutton. P.D.D. W. O. Ruggles gave a talk on the early history of Kingman Lodge, P.D.D. Paul H. Morton spoke on a later period of its activities, and P.E.R. K. W. Davidson, of the Ariz. State Elks Assn., discussed the Lodge's present status in the community.

Fife and Drum Corps of Union City, N. J., Lodge Wins Prize

The Fife and Drum Corps of Union City, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, was awarded first prize, a silver loving cup, in a recent contest held in Brooklyn, N. Y., in which 60 Corps competed. Elk Lodges, Veterans' groups, and other New York, New Jersey and Connecticut organizations were represented among the entries. Drum Major Anthony Zahn was in charge of the Union City Lodge Corps of 20 members.

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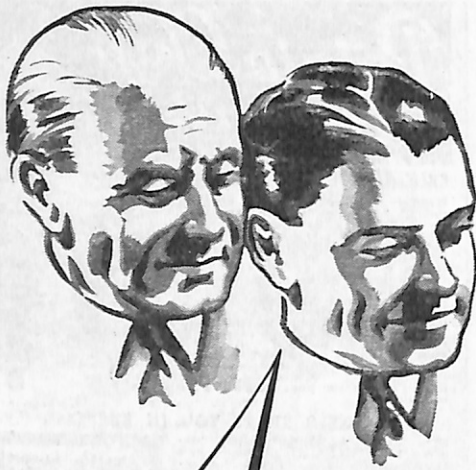
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Mont. State Convention Discussed at P.E.R.'s Night Held at Red Lodge

Reminiscences of early days in Montana, incidents relating to the founding of Red Lodge, "Beartooth," Mont., Lodge, No. 534, and plans for the entertainment of the 1937 Convention of the Montana State Elks Association, to be held July 22-23-24 at Red Lodge, were the highlights of the meeting held by the Lodge on its P.E.R.'s Night, Feb. 3. E.R. Leo R. Spogen turned the meeting over to P.E.R. J. E. Mushback who was assisted by Dr. George Dilworth, Tiler of the Lodge in 1900, and Treasurer of the Lodge Fred H. Alden, who was a Trustee in 1900. It was in that year, on Feb. 2, that the Lodge was instituted with Mr. Mushback, who is now 85 years of age, acting as Exalted Ruler at its charter presentation and being elected to that office for the first year of the Lodge's existence. Rich stories well told by the veteran Elks made splendid entertainment, and the evening was voted one of the most exciting and enjoyable in years.

At the business meeting the General Committee on Entertainment for the coming State Convention, which closely follows the National Convention at Denver, reported that extensive plans for taking care of the comfort and pleasure of the visiting Elks and their ladies were going along splendidly. The business sessions will be held so as to allow time for interesting motor tours through the rugged canyons in the adjacent Beartooth Range, and to the picturesque Cooke City mining camp. The Camp is reached over the new park approach highway from Red Lodge to Yellowstone Park. Partial duplication of stirring scenes of 37 years ago will give color to the features on the entertainment program that are expected to surprise as well as delight the visitors.

Washington, Mo., Lodge Has Successful Year; Prepares for State Convention

A review of activities and events of the past Lodge year has brought a sense of satisfaction to the officers and members of Washington, Mo., Lodge, No. 1559. The administration of E.R. Ernest W. Baker and his staff has been most successful. Eighteen Lodge dances have been given since last April, including the Elks' Festival of last June, which Elks from many Missouri Lodges attended with their ladies. Two shows, one in November and one in January, were presented. Chairman Floyd Vandegriffe, of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, was instrumental in their success. Christmas baskets were given out not only locally, but in Union, Becker, Sullivan and St. Clair, Mo. The current welfare activity of the Lodge is the furnishing of radios to schools and to families who cannot afford to purchase them.

When St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, celebrated the 69th Anniversary of the Order, Washington Lodge made a fraternal visit and co-operated with St. Louis Lodge in initiating candidates from both Lodges in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Washington Lodge will act as host on June 5-6-7 to the Missouri State Elks Association at its annual Convention. Enthusiastic communications have been received from practically all of the Lodges of the State and the Meeting promises to be one of the best. P.E.R. J. H. Dickbrader is First Vice-Pres. of the Association, E.R. Baker is Chairman of the Convention, and P.E.R. Adolph Toben is Secy.-Treas. All three are hard and systematic workers and are being ably assisted by the various committees engaged in perfecting details ahead of time.



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Hagerstown, Md., Lodge Dedicates Addition to its Home

As the result of the efforts of its Building Committee and the cooperation of its membership, Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378, now possesses one of the finest and most up-to-date Lodge Homes in the country. The celebration of the completion of an addition to the building was carried out during the week of January 19, the dedication ceremonies proper taking place on Thursday, January 28.

Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz was entertained at a dinner at the Hotel Alexander on the 19th, and was the principal speaker at the meeting held in the new Lodge room. No function took place on Wednesday when the last of the new equipment was being installed, but on the next evening a dinner for 500 members and their ladies was served by Albert A. Beck, a member of the Lodge. It was followed by a program of music by Howard Gale's orchestra and George Emmons, organist, broadcast over Station WJRJ. The broadcast was concluded with the delivery of the 11 o'clock Toast by P.E.R. Calvert K. Hartle, Treas. of the Md., Del. and D.C. Elks Assn. On Friday evening the festivities were continued with community singing led by Amos Harper, a member, and a floor show and music by the orchestra with George Buys, a local Elk, at the organ. A dance was held on Saturday night.

On the following Thursday the addition was dedicated with the beautiful service prescribed by the Ritual. Mr. Hartle presided at the ceremonies assisted by the Lodge officers. The dedication address was delivered by State Trustee E. Leister Mobley. Full use will be made of the addition as a meeting place for Elks. Members of the Building Committee were Past Pres. J. Morris Guider, Chairman, E. Leister Mobley, Secy., Frank Suter, Frank Gallagher, and P.E.R.'s Douglas A. Fletcher, F. M. Hoffhein and E. K. Bachtell, Treasurer of the Lodge who also acted as Treasurer of the Committee. Members of the Dedi-

cation Committee which planned the entertainment for the week were Chairman P. Parke Geiger, Jr., P.E.R., John C. France, Charles Newbraugh, G. Ray Bolinger, Clarence Eldridge and Mr. Hartle.

Dr. John T. Ready, P.E.R., Mourned by Washington, D. C., Lodge

Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, has never lost a more beloved member than Dr. John T. Ready, P.E.R., who passed away on January 10 after a brief illness. Dr. Ready was initiated in 1916. He served through all the chairs and on June 5, 1935, the night of his retirement as Exalted Ruler, he was awarded an Honorary Life Membership by unanimous vote.

Elk services, held at the family residence on January 12, at 8:30 P. M., were participated in by the largest gathering of members that ever attended such a service in the history of Washington Lodge. Dr. Ready was a member of the Board of Governors of the Boys' Band at the time of his death, and the presence of the entire band was a further evidence of the love and esteem in which he was held. A beautiful eulogy to their departed brother was delivered before the members at the Lodge session of January 13 by Philip U. Gayaut, Trustee of the Md., Del. and D. C. Elks Assn.

"Athletic Night" Observed by Milford, Mass., Lodge

"Athletic Night" was held recently by Milford, Mass., Lodge, No. 628, featured by the presence of baseball celebrities, and many others famous in the athletic world. A spaghetti and meatball supper was served and a general good time enjoyed. William R. Summers, American League umpire, was presented with a gift on behalf of the Lodge by P.E.R. William J. Moore, Chairman of the Committee, who acted as Toastmaster. Numerous tributes were paid Mr. Summers, who is a popular Milford Elk, by the speakers, among whom was Irving Bump Hadley of the New York Yankees.

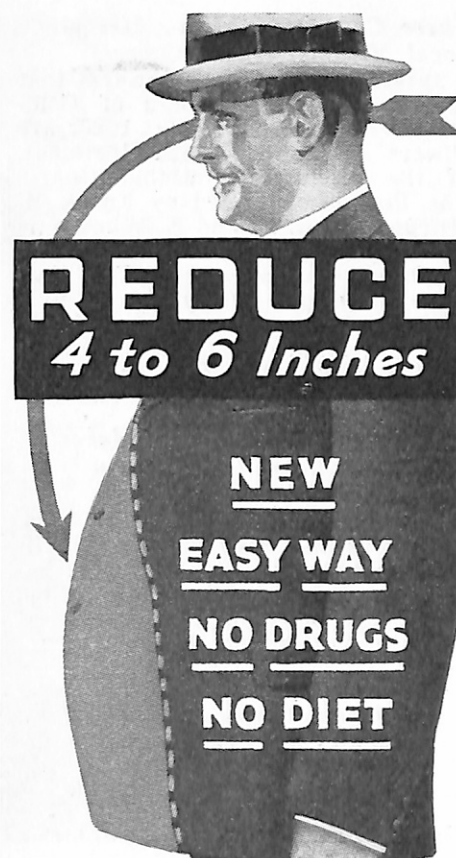
Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 33)

Gov. Sholtz delivered a speech broadcast over Station WSPD at the Civic Luncheon sponsored by the Toledo Chamber of Commerce.

The Grand Exalted Ruler had received a tremendous welcome upon his arrival at Union Station. Many Elks coming to the city for the Lodge's celebration were on the train. Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, P.E.R. of Toledo Lodge, headed the Committee that met the party, which included Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and

Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner. Gov. Sholtz was immediately taken in a gold-painted automobile to the Hotel. The visitors were directed into autos and a long parade, led by a motorcycle escort, wound its way to the Hotel for a reception. There the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a gold key to the city by Vice-Mayor John Q. Carey. The key was engraved with the notation that it was a presentation by the Lodge of Elks and the city of Toledo.



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Three Coldwater, Mich., Elks are Local National Guard Officers

Interesting to note is the fact that several popular members of Coldwater, Mich., Lodge, No. 1023, are officers in Post A, 126th Regiment, of the Michigan National Guard. The Post is captained by Frank M. Murphy. E.R. Leland E. Wheeler is also a captain on the staff of the Regiment, and Secy. Jack C. Elliott is a Corporal. On a recent five-weeks' duty tour they were stationed in Flint, Mich., during the General Motors strike. Mr. Wheeler was the supply officer.

Leominster, Mass., Lodge Makes First Flood Relief Contribution in Community

Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, was the first organization in its community to vote a contribution to Flood Relief in the Ohio Valley. The Lodge acted on the matter immediately after the disaster occurred.

The Debating Team of No. 1237 is the champion team of Mass., West. Its members were chosen and tutored by Trustee John H. Coburn, sub-master of the local High School.

Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge Stages a Pinochle Tournament

To brighten up the dull winter months, Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, staged a Pinochle Tournament in the Lodge Home to last seven weeks. The prize, a handsome silver cup, was donated by Esquire Albert Macauley.

"Old Timers" of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Give a Dinner-Dance

The "Old Timers" of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, staged a successful and thoroughly delightful Dinner-Dance at the Lodge Home in late January that brought out a gratifying attendance. Several hundred members and their ladies were present. Asplendid floor show was presented. Several acts were brought over from Jimmy Kelly's Paradise through Manager T. DeJuli who is a member of the Lodge. Music for the dance was furnished by Frank Scott, another Brooklyn Elk, and his orchestra.

The affair was purely social and no speeches were made save a short welcoming address by E.R. Anthony De Lisio who also delivered the 11 O'clock Toast. Michael J. Zaengle was Chairman of the Dinner-Dance committee, and Edward J. Mooney

was Chairman of the Old Timers Committee.

Extensive Welfare Work Carried on by Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge

After a review of its charity work during the past eight years, Secy. Adam Martin announced officially that during that period Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, has expended the sum of \$77,910.04. With the opening of the Lodge's three-day Minstrel-Frolic, the Secretary called attention to the fact that the entire proceeds would go into the Charity Fund. Through the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge milk is delivered daily to homes where children are in need of it, and no one knows anything about it except the recipients and the Committee.

In addition, Wheeling Lodge furnishes medical supplies in six clinics of the city where they are conducted each week. The physician in charge prescribes for the children and Red Cross nurses handle the checkup with the aid of the Service League and the Warwood Woman's Club, in charge of two of the clinics. In 1936 a total of 623 children, both white and colored, under two years of age, were treated at the various clinics.

P.E.R. Enzensperger of Salt Lake City Lodge Dies in California

After a prolonged illness P.E.R. Joseph G. Enzensperger, aged 76, an Elk for 42 years and a life member of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, passed away in San Francisco, Calif., on December 15, 1936. Mr. Enzensperger was born in Fremont, Pa. He was initiated into the Order in 1894 and had the distinction of holding Card No. 1 in Salt Lake City Lodge. He held the office of Exalted Ruler in 1901-02. Mr. Enzensperger is survived by his widow, three sons and three sisters.

Varied Activities of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge

The Life Members Club of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, held its annual meeting at the Lodge Home and elected the following officers: Pres., Clarence M. Tardy (State Pres.); Vice-Pres.'s: Gus Rotholz, John H. Taylor, John F. Antwine, Carl Steiner; Secy., Harry W. English; Treas., Ben Mendelsohn; Chaplain, W. T. Harrison; Organist, Prof. Fred L. Grambs; Sergeant-at-Arms, George M. Howle; Inner Guard, Fred Conradi; Executive Committee: Chairman Dr. J. W. Perkins, M. H. Barr, John W. O'Neill, Edgar Adler, Leon W. Friedman, Herbert J. Baum and L. R. Sebastian. Buttons will be presented to the life members as a mark of 25 years of membership. Pres. Tardy announced that he was giving a banquet to the Club in March.

At a meeting presided over by P.E.R. R. M. Montgomery, with the chairs occupied by P.E.R.'s of the Lodge, Robert L. Simms was named chairman of a committee to arrange a show with juvenile performers. The show was given for the benefit of flood sufferers and to assist in the maintenance of the Bayview Camp where refugees from the Mississippi River flood were being cared for. The fund was turned over to the Red Cross.

Alva, Okla., Lodge Initiates Class on P.E.R.'s Night

Alva, Okla. Lodge, No. 1184, held its Past Exalted Rulers' Night on February 22 and initiated its class honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler at the same meeting. The Class numbered 30 candidates and was the largest that has been initiated in northwestern Oklahoma in several years. Past Exalted Rulers, headed by Roy C. Lane, occupied the chairs. Past Pres. George M. McLean, of El Reno Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, made a short talk on the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Denver in July. State Pres. Dr. C. R. Donley, State Secy. John Dieffenferder and Past State Pres. Harold L. Street, all of Woodward Lodge, gave short talks on State Association work and the Annual Convention of the Okla. State Elks Assn. which will be held in Muskogee May 15-16-17.

Twenty-eight former members were reinstated. Approximately 150 Elks were in attendance. A Dutch Lunch was served.



"Paw wants his gloves, Maw—he's rasslin' a b'ar down in the holler!"



"And my beard's plenty tough!"

Men who are exposed to all kinds of weather, who have tough skins and wiry beards, shave quickly and easily with the Schick. Yet a boy, just starting to clean the down from his tender cheeks, finds the Schick as gentle in action as if he rubbed his face with his finger tips.

A totally blind man could shave in perfect safety and comfort with not the slightest danger of cutting or hurting himself.

Pioneer in painless shaving

Not since savages scraped off the hair with shells or quartz has there been a radically different method of shaving until Schick invented the electric shaver.

It does away with all discomfort—with blades, water, soap, cream, lather, brush or the necessity for lotions or powder. It gives you a new skin to replace the hardened tissue Nature has built up if you have used lather and blades.

Why Schick above all

For a working lifetime Schick studied hair, faces and mechanical ways to shave. He experimented with cutters of many constructions and shapes. He found that a *flat* cutter with an extremely thin slotted plate, nestled closely into the skin, depressed the tiny mounds and enabled the inner cutter to shave off the hairs more

efficiently and closer than any other shape of cutter shaved them.

All our past and present research convinces us that this patented construction is still the most efficient of all.

Shaving at its lowest cost

The life of a Schick Shaver is not known. Shavers we made five years ago are still performing satisfactorily. (We have made many mechanical improvements since then.)

There are no blades to buy, no parts to sharpen—and none to renew for an indefinite time. You need no soap, cream, brush nor lotions. The cost of electricity for a year's shaving is so small that a dime would cover it easily.

How, then, could you shave at a lower cost per shave?

See a dealer



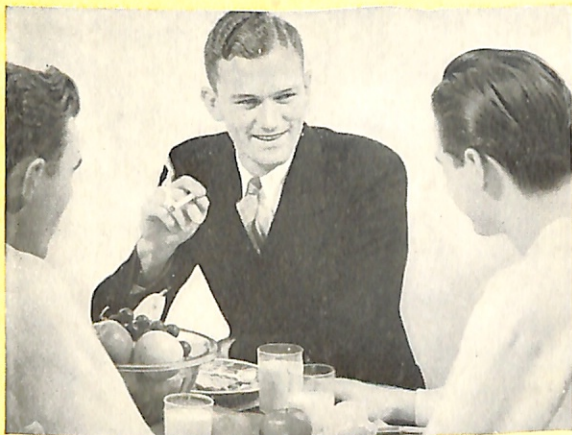
Ask any Schick dealer to show you the shaver and demonstrate how simply and quickly you could learn the new way of shaving which is revolutionizing the shaving habits of the world. Be sure that he is an authorized dealer through whom we guarantee and service Schick Shavers.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco.
In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, \$16.50.)

SCHICK  SHAVES

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS

"That's what I do — and my digestion goes along O.K.," says Glenn Hardin, world's champion hurdler



"I'M A GREAT BELIEVER in the way Camels help to ease strain and tension," says Glenn, one of America's great athletes. "It's no wonder Camels are the favorite cigarette of athletes. Take my own case. It wouldn't do me much good to eat and not digest properly. So I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels give me an invigorating 'lift.' And you'll notice, the same as I do, that Camels don't get on your nerves." Camels set you right! Choose Camels for steady smoking.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand



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A feeling of well-being comes after a good meal...and plenty of Camels

FOR that luxurious feeling of ease so worth-while at meal-time—light up a Camel. Fatigue and irritability begin to fade away. The flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—speeds up. You get in the right mood to *enjoy* eating. Camels at mealtime and afterwards help to keep digestion on its proper course. You'll welcome Camels between meals too! They are milder—better for steady smoking.



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, of the famous Philadelphia family, has won international recognition for her charm and grace as a hostess. "Camels are a bright spot in my entertaining," she says. "I think a meal is not complete without them. And Camels are so mild—so gentle on my throat that I smoke as many as I like. They never get on my nerves."